Myself and Fellow Asses

Thomas Templar Hoyer

Myself and Fellow Asses

by

Thomas Temple Hoyne

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E. R. Kirkbride

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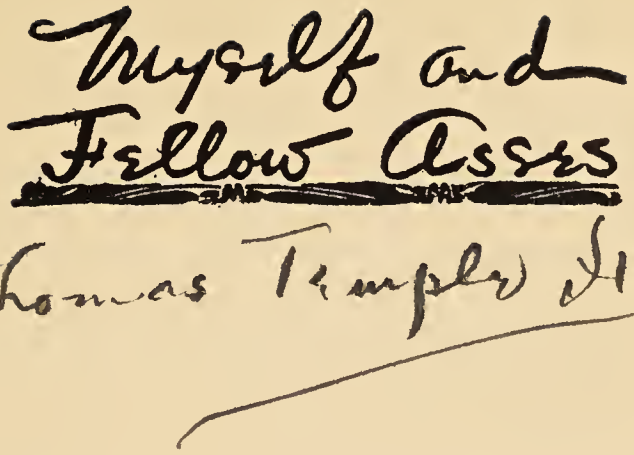
Myself and
Fellow Asses
Thomas Templeton Hayne

MYSELF AND FELLOW ASSES

BY

THOMAS TEMPLE HOYNE

WITH PICTVRES OF SOME OF VS

BY

EARLE R KIRKBRIDE

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THOMAS TEMPLE HOYNE

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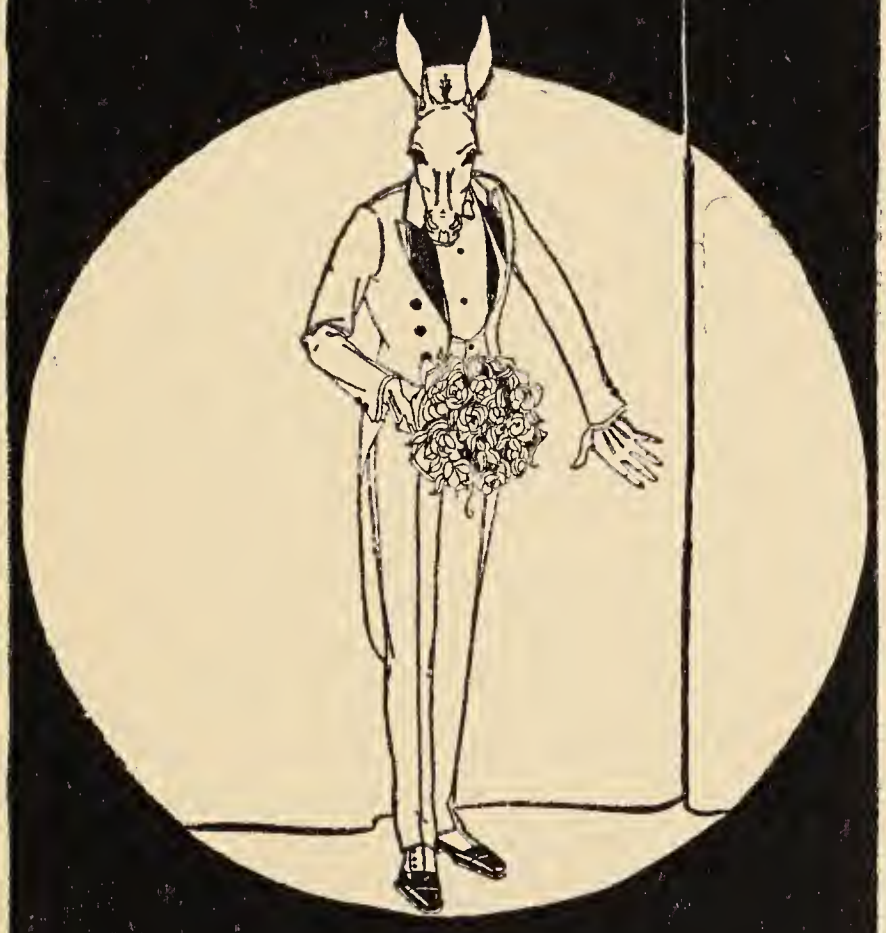
TO BEGIN WITH



To Begin With

MY DEAR, DEAR READER: You have no idea how eagerly I congratulate myself on having secured YOUR attention, if only for a moment. All readers, of course, are dear to writers, but it is the keenly intelligent one, the deeply understanding, the tenderly sympathetic reader whom I have always longed for this opportunity to address. You have humor, a knowledge of men and women; you know the world. You fathom the human heart, and will comprehend my whole meaning when I talk to you honestly and sincerely. You like to hear a spade called a spade; you can appreciate truth; you do not have to be flattered. Of all the readers I might be fortunate

enough to reach, you are the only one I care anything about—the one individual whose opinion I value.

Professional critics I would ignore, if I could. For them reading is so much work, not pleasure. Nor are they likely to discern what is bad and what is good so vividly as you. It was you alone I had in mind, as I poured out the penfuls of philosophy and wisdom and counsel and other asininity that follow.

"If I can only reach you!" I used to tell myself. "If only you are not too busy with more important affairs to grant me a little of your crowded time, I shall try not to misuse it."

And now, at last, you are letting me speak to you.

You see, this book is a sort of confidential communication between us two. Other persons—mere hoi polloi—may get hold of it, and on the chance of that I have said a sharp thing or two, here

and there, to put them in their places. You will enjoy those little digs when you come across them, and will smile to yourself, perhaps, as you perceive how they will irritate a lot of persons that you and I know well.

"But," I used to warn myself again and again, "perhaps somebody may misunderstand me." Then I would add, "Well, what if somebody does? I don't care, so long as MY Reader will see the light. I must not hang back for fear of being misunderstood by somebody else. Now is the time to push ahead if I am going to save civilization and put the human race on its feet. I must not shrink from a duty peculiarly mine because of timorous diffidence."

You can see for yourself that there is quite a lot of work involved in saving the world from ruin at this stage of the game; and if I did not feel perfectly qualified to do it, and that you would

back me up promptly, never would I make the attempt. Sometimes I am afraid that I have let things drag on the way they are too long. So don't you slur over the importance of a quick response to my appeal on your part. In carrying forward the work don't you procrastinate, as I have delayed in beginning it. The victory is for you.

Most persons cannot so readily grasp the truth as you can, and consequently I have had to write for them, as the first of these essays, a kind of apologia. You, I advise to skip it. Although you are mentioned in it, I do not really mean you, you know; but of course, in the essay itself, I could not say that. You understand: persons who are not worth a tinker's dam, and who ought to be harshly dealt with, might accuse me of partiality if I openly made an exception of you in addressing them.

Because of your quick perception of

latent meanings and your really fine judgment, it was hardly necessary for me to make this explanation. Nevertheless, I have done it; and now I again suggest that you pass over the first essay which merely points out what is already known to you, The Necessity for Egotism.

THE NECESSITY FOR EGOTISM

The Necessity for Egotism

I AM the most interesting, the most important, the most worth while thing in God's whole universe to myself.

"This fellow," says you (to conduct a dialogue after Long John Silver's manner of speaking), "is a clamoring braggart, an egotistical ass."

But I am honestly telling you the truth.

"That's why you're an ass," says you triumphantly; and then, startled, you look all around, fearful lest some one else may have overheard you doing the very same thing.

Or, if you happen to be self-contained

and extremely successful, you say nothing at all, but just meekly cast down your eyes, dolefully shake your head from side to side and try to pretend with smug hypocrisy that YOU certainly are not the most interesting, the most important, the most worth while thing in God's whole universe to YOURself. You may be all of that to others, you would insinuate with your pretty humility, but you assuredly have higher and nobler matters more profoundly and more constantly to occupy your thoughts than your own wretched self.

Perhaps you have, too. You may be more concerned with the stock market, or a lady of the films, or the bowels of hogs. If you are very wealthy and old enough, you may even be pondering the delights of assimilating monkey glands, a pompous, credulous enthusiast at the gaudy shrine of a Charlatantry of Science that promises to make for you

experience out of the stuff of Ponce de Leon's dream. You may not have any regard for yourself at all.

I, however, have for MYself the most sincere friendship, admiration and respect. Whether you have such regard for me does not greatly matter to you. I hope you have; but that is because my egotism is defiled by vanity. Were it quite pure, I should honestly feel how unnecessary is the approbation of anybody.

There is so much that one must do to oneself, and for oneself, and with oneself; and the time allotted for doing it all is so short, and it all must be done so entirely by oneself under every degree of difficulty, that an ideally egotistical ass would waste no thought in consideration of how others regarded him. He would comprehend too painfully that if he did not in at least some slight measure improve himself every day, he was a slovenly, or a dishonest, workman; and

comprehension of that, with its consequences, would absorb all his attention. He could never pretend to himself the attainment of anything like the self-perfection so easily assumed by those who are not egotistical, but just charmingly conceited.

I could tell you a lot of things you would not want to laugh at, no matter how solemn I might be. I have studied myself, I have, and thus I have observed, in résumé, quite in accordance with the law of reduplication, the slow development of the whole human race. Only in oneself can the sluggish progress of mankind be discerned understandingly. I have reveled in murder in my own heart and robbed a bank with unction. You, who are reading this, may pretend that you do not take my meaning, but if you never have longed to tear the throat of some fellow ass and stamp the soul out of him, you have been but sprinkled with the salt of life.

Or, perhaps, you lacked the egotism to fathom what you really did desire that time when your rich uncle, from whom you expect to inherit a fortune, was at the point of death, and when you said so piously and with so much feeling you did hope and pray that the dear, good, old gentleman would recover. Or you may not have recognized your inordinate predilection for theft as you gloated over your successful exercise of what the lawyers call "undue influence" in persuading that silly old uncle to put your name down in his will instead of the name that belonged there.

Egotism is no such flattering possession as thoughtless persons, who confuse conceit with it, would surmise. It is painful as a probe, but that it may be curative of many disorders modern physicians are just beginning to find out. They call their endeavors to make such cures psychoanalysis; but in spite of that mouthful

of terminology their efforts are directed merely towards lifting into the life of consciousness the poor, feeble ego that is floundering about in the patient's subconsciousness, crying for help like a drowning man, while the patient wilfully ignores it, denies its existence and suffers in consequence horrible apprehensions, dire melancholia, and strange maladies of vague longing. You see, a person who disparages his ego is just an habitual liar to himself.

Self-deception, whether it is ignorant or deliberate, is the worst thing in the world today. Especially is it evil when one deprecates one's importance to the universe. The laggard pretends that this is modesty, but it is an easy way to dodge duty. Do not try to shirk the responsibility lurking in the realization that, just as in a single grain of wheat there sleeps a possibility of crops that will feed the whole world, so in your own puny, petty

self hides the germ of immeasurable service to all mankind.

Do not talk so much about the Survival of the Fittest, as if that ruthless, inexorable ordinance in nature were an excuse for contemptible greed in man, or a divine insistence upon the mastery of the strong over the weak. That kind of exculpation furnished the logic underlying the heresy of Cain. The ordination that the fittest shall survive at the expense of the less fit is a law for bugs and brutes, which men are called upon by the high fraternity of their common manhood to circumvent.

All the beauty there is in life man must put there. His egotism gives him the glorious power to do this. The same vast magnificence of sea and sky, the same beautiful laciness of waves flapping on the beach of a coral island, seen by a full-stomached commodore sitting at ease on the after-deck of his steam yacht, are not

necessarily the same to a shipwrecked mariner who is clinging for dear life to a floating spar.

No wonder an artist devotes so much time to finding his point of view; but what a wonder that wealth gives so grudgingly to the poor artist who, clinging like a shipwrecked mariner to the point of view thrust upon him by circumstances, still refuses to let go of his egotism, but nobly struggles to show to his fellows that in spite of everything that looks to the contrary, life is beautiful and kind and good. He is the richest asset the few owners of all the millions have, if they only knew it. It is the beauties in life which he creates with his egotism that still continue somewhat to satisfy and restrain the great, hungering majority all over the world that is moving uneasily, and beginning to give voice to the idea that it is about time to divide up the counters and start the game all over again.

Cultivate your egotism, then, dear Reader; poke around in yourself. You are the only thing you really do own, you know, and when you leave this world you are the one thing you must take with you. You cannot leave yourself behind on this side of the Styx, like some grewsome baggage that is never to be called for. You have to exhibit yourself to the Great Connoisseur of works in egotism to show what you have made of yourself; and your work is not likely to be good enough to be accepted by Him if you have not been, while here, the most interesting, the most important and the most worth while thing in His whole universe to yourself.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WORLD?
E. R. KIRKBRIDE

What's the Matter With the World

TO PROVE that something is the matter with the world would be a superfluous labor in logic. You know that something is wrong. So do I. We all know it; but no two of us agree on exactly what the trouble is. We are rushing along on third speed, with a fearful suspicion growing in our minds that the new route-map upon which we are depending so entirely has already misdirected us—that we are off the road of progress, and may be dashing towards destruction. To increase our peril, something has gone wrong with the engine; or else the oiling system is out of

order; or the gears have worn down. We do not know what causes the jarring and jerking; and continually we hear sounds that make us uneasy—a constant knocking.

Ask a millionaire what the trouble is and he will answer that persons who are not millionaires want too much; the ordinary man will insist that rents are outrageously high; the property owner will maintain that taxes are frightfully unjust; the farmer will protest that speculators are robbing him, and speculators will tell you that their business never was so bad.

Everyone wants more than he has and no one is willing to give up more than he has to. We all demand too much for too little; and none of us thinks in anything but money. Nothing else in the whole, wide world seems worth considering at all.

Imagine Aristides trying to get a job in the twentieth century.

"What are your qualifications, my good man?" inquires the person at the employment bureau.

"I'm just," answers Aristides.

"Just what?"

"Why just, you know. Impartial. Fair."

"Are you trying to tell me," cries the interrogator, "that you wouldn't give yourself the best of it whenever and wherever you could?"

"Why—why, certainly I wouldn't," replies Aristides, quite taken aback by the question. "You'll find my credentials in history. I could have made a fortune at Athens if I had allowed myself to be unscrupulous."

"You had the chance to make a fortune and wouldn't take it, eh?"

"They called me 'The Just,'" rejoins Aristides with dignity. "My probity was admitted even by my enemies."

"Well, I call you a fool; and I can't

recommend you for any position here. On your line of policy you couldn't put anything over."

And there you are. Captains of industry used to seek employees who "had the goods." Now they want loyal confidence men who can "put it over." The difference is covered in the jump from delivering an honest ton of coal, in accordance with the purchaser's order, to selling a gold brick. Today everybody has a hod of gold bricks to dispose of and is aquiver with suspicion and avarice.

Is there not something disgracefully glutinous about modern gorging on wealth? Of course, if you and I could raise our own profits up to millions of dollars annually, we would eagerly do it without the slightest compunction. We should not care how many persons we knocked down and trampled over in the process—not one whit more than most of

the present makers of millions do. We poor readers and writers are quite as avaricious as those who receive for their endeavors adequate compensation; and we have quite as much reason to point out and harp upon the indecency of their making too much money as they have to demonstrate our thriftlessness in making too little.

I read the other day that Henry Ford has a monthly income of six million dollars. Every thirty days, that is, he takes out of the general pot enough money to support for one year in modest affluence two thousand families.

What is going to happen eventually? Something unique; for a number of other gentlemen are taking monthly millions out of the same pot. As the amount of these withdrawals is constantly increasing, the necessary replenishment of the pot is becoming more difficult. A lot of restless, discontented, unreasonable,

disturbing persons are getting tired of putting up their mites. They are supposed to be sitting in the same game and to have an equal chance, but most of them, in the vain hope of sometime getting a good hand, ante away their lives.

As a side line Mr. Ford conducts a weekly periodical largely devoted to expounding what is the matter with the world. The glib explanations of the *Dearborn Independent* seem somewhat like an alibi: they are so cocksure, so engagingly disinterested and have so much the frank air of a prestidigitator assuring you that there is nothing up his sleeve.

I opened at random a copy and read an article entitled, "Curse of Midas Fatal to Mightiest Empires." It began by telling the story of King Midas—who was granted the power of transmuting into gold everything he touched—a sad old legend; and one with a moral I thought

I knew. Digest the meaning given to it by Mr. Ford's thoughtful employee:

"Surely," he wrote, "the wise old author of the tale of Midas meant to teach a lesson to men. The great truth which the allegory points is the folly of looking upon gold as wealth and of seeking to transform nature's bounty into the treacherous metal."

Rather a rich interpretation for a workman whose employer is said to be knocking out six million dollars worth of gold every month, is it not? The inventor of this rare moral—and perhaps Mr. Ford also—must be one of those thousands who announce sententiously, drawing down the upper lip, that "money is the root of all evil," instead of correctly quoting, "the love of money is the root of all evil."

The *Independent* seems to be desirous of "putting over" the idea that the gold standard for money value is the cause of

all the trouble in the world. It urges the adoption of a kind of newfangled dollar to take the place of the gold dollar. Mr. Ford's periodical abuses gold frightfully.

Gold, however, can say a word or two in its own behalf; and when one dollar of it will buy millions of paper rubles, or thousands of paper marks, it speaks forcibly and to the point. Besides, a trace of Scotch blood that filters down to me whispers to my consciousness that when so successful a man as Mr. Ford loudly discredits something he is eagerly acquiring, it is not canny to treat that something slightingly.

Wild monetary systems are nothing new. They are, in fact, old stuff for deluding nations. Some time ago in a book of mine I pointed out the absurdity of one of these schemes which is advocated by an eminent university professor. But if Henry Ford wants paper money which does not represent gold, that is a

different matter. A monetary scheme of his must be accorded far more respect than one put forward by a professor. When a man has an income of millions he must be admitted to know what he is talking about, no matter what he is talking about. Nothing makes education look so futile as money does.

Do you not remember that some years ago the clever Germans put over in this country the tip to buy marks? You, perhaps, bought some yourself, because the Germans are such a thrifty people that you felt sure the value of the mark would eventually come back to par. In the artificial light shed upon the situation, to buy marks looked like a profitable thing to do. In order not to disappoint any demand for them that might arise over here the German government generously printed them as fast as it could, sold them at greater and greater bargains and gathered in some millions of our

contemptible gold with which to pay reparations.

When you bought marks you did not think that you were subscribing to pay German war debts, did you? But you were. You believed that the Germans were a thrifty people; but you had no idea how thrifty they were, or you might have suspected their eagerness to sell their paper money over here at reduced rates for our gold. Almost prophetic connotation attaches to that word "marks."

Far be it from me to insinuate that Mr. Ford's advocacy of questionable paper money is not based on pure unselfishness and an overwhelming love of the masses. He must know, however, just how fine a thing for "the people" in Russia has been the big increase of depreciating paper money over there. Imagine the ecstatic delight of a workman who now earns seventy million rubles a month. That sum sounds like six times six million

dollars, because a ruble ought to be worth fifty-one and one-half cents. But the Russian workman has long since found out what the value of a ruble actually is. He is close enough to his money not to be awed by its unwarranted braggadocio; and the curse of Midas has been so effectually removed from him that he would have to touch more than one hundred friends for their total monthly earnings of seventy million rubles each, to get together enough paper money for a transformation into a single thousand dollar's worth of gold.

Nevertheless, if Mr. Ford wants paper money that does not represent gold, let him have it. Let him go further. Let him urge a law that will allow every man to issue his own paper money without stint and that will force everyone else to accept it. There could be no certainty that any price for anything would be too high then; every estimate would be guesswork.

If this idea appeals to Mr. Ford, I freely give it to him; for I know his distaste for "profiteers." In the very issue of the *Independent* that I have already quoted he speaks right out concerning them. He concludes an article with the following sentence, written with rugged simplicity and a display of universal knowledge that are quite overpowering:

"Even nature," he says, "hates a profiteer who proves a hindrance to progress."

When new laws are suggested for enactment, however, there often arises much opposition. Everybody is not so ready as I am to rally round a man with an income said to be six million a month. You, for instance, might want a law that would prohibit any one from acquiring so much money, even in a lifetime. You might say that public unrest is not due to any lack of money in this country, but is because the total amount of it is too disproportionately distributed. There is not

enough to go around because too few persons have too much. You might suggest that it would be a good plan to forbid an individual to snatch all he can get, like an ill-bred child at a Christmas party. Enforce temperance upon the money drunkard, you might insist. Put a limit on a man's acquisition of it, just as a limit would be put on his acquisition of sugar or flour if there were a shortage of those commodities due to hoarding. Make the limit a million dollars, or more, or less; but set some limit. When a man has got that much, drive him away from the trough.

Today, for a man to have any aim whatever beyond the accumulation of money, marks him as an egregious ass. It has come to be his first duty to grab all that he can. The method is not at all important, provided only that its employment is successful.

Not a great many years ago, however,

thousands of our clean, honorable young fellows were battling in France for high ideals. Inspired with as noble a sense of chivalry as ever moved a crusader to set out for the far-off Holy Land, they filed into the dank, deadly trenches. They were not calculating interest on the value of their services.

What do you suppose would have happened in those days if some practical person had leaped out in front of a regiment of our advancing soldiers and cried:

"Here, boys, listen to me! Fighting for ideals will get you nothing. All that is worth while in life is money."

What do you presume would have happened to the orator who talked that way at the front? I ask. He would have been torn to pieces, would he not? And how his assassination would have been applauded by sleek, polished gentlemen back home here, whose pockets bulged with predatory war contracts. How they

would have worked themselves into a patriotic perspiration!

Do you remember when the boys came home how sappy females hung on their necks and how, if a young soldier who limped got into a crowded street car, a dozen men and women sprang up to give him a seat? So anxious was everyone to make things easier for him that he was embarrassed.

But after we began to get accustomed to seeing crippled boys, a soldier who had lost a leg was lucky if his crutch were not kicked out from under him in the rush to get aboard an uptown bus. Everyone felt just as sorry for him, of course, but there was no sense in being sentimental about a boy who had lost a leg while doing his duty. In business persons met with more distressing accidents every day: they lost their money; and they did not have a government to take care of them and pay them fat

pensions, either. Anyway, the war was over. That boat had gone.

Men who had got rich out of the war began to say: "Well, it was money that won, and while the boys were over there we were here, sticking at our desks, getting that money and paying enormous taxes. The young fellows, of course, did the actual fighting, but they enjoyed that. It was an adventure for them. I wish I had been young enough to go."

Gentlemanly money-makers talked that way until they made themselves believe that they really did do something toward winning the war that was memorably heroic.

But how about the gallant young soldiers who came joyously marching home again? Never mind about those who did not come back. Some of them are better off in their numbered graves with little, scrawny, wooden crosses for headstones. They came to their end at

the height of their glory and at the very pinnacle of their loyal faith in mankind. They never had to suffer the bitter anguish of finding out that their ideals were silly trash that has no place in sound, common-sense business.

Think of some of the boys who did come back, however, and who discovered that their places among the ranks of business men had been taken; some, even, who could not find new places in which to get started again towards successful citizenship; mere boys who, perhaps, had married and must provide for a wife as well as themselves.

How do you suppose they feel when some fat, pompous politician, overfed, overpaid, overdressed and overbearing, explains to them that their troubles are due to the "economic situation"? Does that satisfy them? Under the same circumstances, would it satisfy you?

Steep and dangerous is the descent

from fighting for the rights and ideals of mankind down to being refused the opportunity to get on in the world by fellow citizens whose hearths and fortunes you have been told you were defending. I can imagine the soldier boy, turning away from the complexity of life to seek some lonely spot, stupefied with the bitterness of his disappointment, everything at cross purposes in his mystified brain, and I know not what harsh anger in his hurt heart.

Ladies and gentlemen, we are a set of conscienceless hogs who, lying one to another, prate about corrective legislation and pretend that we do not know what is the matter with the world.

The quest for sane laws that are woefully needed is difficult, but even if a Moses did come along and point out a few, he would be hooted into oblivion while he was trying to show the way to Canaan. We wonder why this rich and

magnificent country is infected with socialism, bolshevism, and anarchism, but this deplorable condition should not be surprising. In our refined sophistication we have coldly decided that the exhortation to obey the Golden Rule is old-fashioned, sloppy sentimentalism. Gradually we have adopted the fine, worldly, common sense of "treat 'em rough."

Formerly the philosophy of every day life was somewhat different. Recall those unselfish, quaint, quixotic words of Robert Louis Stevenson:

"The salary in any business under heaven is not the only, nor indeed the first, question. That you should continue to exist is a matter for your own consideration; but that your business should be first honest, and second useful, are points in which honor and morality are concerned."

And again:

"For surely, at this time of day in the

nineteenth century, there is nothing that an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves."

What a foolish, old code that was! Imagine a man who today would be afraid of getting more than he deserves, or would be such an ass as to inquire too closely into whether a business that promised him enormous and almost immediate wealth were honorable and useful.

Certainly R. L. S. was an odd and silly character, for he actually lived up to his nice morality in money matters—actually practiced what he preached.

When he was at the height of his success, a leading publisher sent a representative to offer him a year's contract for one, short, newspaper article every week. The pay for each article was to be two hundred dollars.

Do you suppose that R. L. S. would sign the contract? No. He thought that

too much money was proffered for the kind of work required. He declared the offer was "positively immoral."

Can you see any sense in his point of view? Certainly not. None of us can. We think that Stevenson was a good deal of a fool.

We discern no fine honesty or lofty morality in his refusal to take all he could get, merely because that was more than he thought he deserved. What a silly, unbusinesslike reason! We are absolutely incapable of seeing in such conduct any duty, or wisdom, or nobility, or fineness, or worthy example.

But, dear God, ladies and gentlemen, isn't that just what's the matter with the world?

PROHIBITION

Prohibition

PROHIBITION is the best advertised, patent, legal remedy ever put up in this land of politicians, policemen and Puritans. Not since Joshua ordered the sun and moon to stand still has there been a command so ineffective. Guaranteed to restore worn-out stomachs, revamp frayed lives and save lost souls, the prohibition treatment is fulfilling its glorious promises like a successful surgical operation during which the patient dies of shock. Aside from the possibility of having enormously increased the number of matriculations in psychopathic wards, it has so far accomplished nothing honorable, or laudable, or even creditable; but it has desiccated what used to be in many

men's lives the most charming hour, the sixty minutes between five-thirty and six-thirty in the evening — the cocktail hour.

Before the white ribbon became an emblem of vindictive mourning to saloon-keepers, the cocktail hour in a thousand pleasant barrooms offered delightful recreation. We sipped the orange-flavored Bronx, or tooth-picked the olive out of a Martini, and inhaled an atmosphere of regeneration. We tasted the intoxicating joys of listening to ourselves enunciate big thoughts in witty words, while we gazed enraptured, like Narcissus into the fatal fountain, at our rakish attitudes and animated facial expressions reflected in the mirror on the back-bar.

The tired business man tarried on the way from his office wherein he tried to leave behind his cares. Like a laboring ship that puts into port for

ballast, he swerved from the homeward course and sought refuge in his favorite saloon. There he exchanged signals with old friends and new. Cheery gossip and kindly conversation smoothed from his forehead the wretched wrinkles.

Swift, genial, courteous bartenders, gracious as princely hosts, received the throngs of guests. Laughter and hospitality shook hands; there were introductions and invitations. The service to the little groups that stood leaning, gesticulating, talking and joking was efficient and immaculate. The beautiful mahogany of rich wainscoting and highly polished panels hurled back at the yellow incandescent lamps glittering high-lights. Outside the wet snow might be falling in big, adhesive flakes; or a nasty rain, wind-driven, might charge the careening umbrellas to which angry pedestrians clung staggering; but within the warm saloons the bustle was cheerful; there was peace,

contentment, goodfellowship and humanitarianism.

In those old days one could always find one's friends. If Jim were sought, it was only necessary to go to his chosen club or saloon during the cocktail hour. There he was sure to be. Or, if he were one of those peripatetic drinkers who wandered from oasis to oasis, like a camel in a desert, he could be tracked from saloon to saloon until he was run to earth at last. All the bartenders knew him, and remembered that he had not yet been in. Or he had left behind some trace, a joke or a story he had told, a question he had asked; or he had dropped some casual remark that gave a clue to his itinerary.

Never will I forgive prohibition for destroying the profession of bartending, the most generous of vocations. Good bartenders of the old days were the sort of men whom Dumas would have called Titans. They were philosophers,

counselors and friends. They knew the odds in the future book on the Derby, and who was likely to win the next championship fight. They were versed in medicine, had a smattering of law and could elucidate politics. Locked within their bosoms were scandalous secrets concerning a thousand families. When customers, whose reserve had dissolved amid the influence of mellowing drinks and sentimental songs, told to them their troubles with abandon, and prayed for unbiased advice, then they became men eminently discreet; diplomats full of wisdom.

I have not the slightest doubt that the large increase in the number of divorces in these prohibitory days is due to the fact that husbands no longer have bartenders to admonish or exhort them, but in the unmanning throes of domestic controversy go doggedly to lawyers. Formerly, if a storm impended at home, a

husband seized his hat and dashed out to a saloon. Nowadays, he picks up a base-ball bat or draws a gun, determined to see the thing through. He has no sanctuary to which he can fly, without loss of dignity, where he can sooth his hurt feelings in some delectable mixture compounded by a sympathetic bartender who counsels patience, caution and self-control.

And to what a miserable estate have bartenders fallen. Like lonely kings in exile, they look forth upon a lost demesne. From behind counters at soda fountains they gaze with wan eyes upon crowding customers who demand sundaes, orange phosphates and other cloying confections formerly supposed to be the unmanly delights of women and children. The little, intimate talks across the bar, with politicians and men of affairs, are joys of a dead past. No longer are there "drinks on the house." Gone forever is the

bartender's authority and eminence as a leader of men. It is heart-breaking to watch him try to put into the shaking up of an egg chocolate the enthusiasm and fancy flourishes he used to employ in agitating a milk punch.

We thought we wanted prohibition, as sometimes we think we want to live alone on top of a mountain, or walk ten miles every day. We were carried away by a mawkish, evanescent emotion such as sways a mob and hurries it into some rash act that every individual in the mob regrets to the end of his days.

Year after year sturdy, hard-working, nail-biting white-ribboners had fought an uphill battle. They were laughed at. No one took their efforts seriously. They bided their time, however, and when the public, under stress of war-time excitement, herded like sheep, they achieved their intolerant purpose.

When a command is enacted into a law

it must be founded upon custom or it is worthless. If it forbids an act, at least the thought that underlies the prohibition must have acquired the dignity of being customary.

"Custom," said James Coolidge Carter, "is the only law we discover at the beginning of society, or of society when first exposed to our observation. The word itself imports its main characteristic, namely its persistency or permanency."

We, the people, make our own laws. If we err when we write them down, mistaking a passing fancy for a sound purpose, we do not hesitate to correct instantly our error, without awaiting the slow formality of legislative repeal. Statutes, if they are not in accord with the decrees of custom, may be printed in a million tomes bound in calfskin; they may be dinned into the public ear from a million rostrums, but in the highways,

as well as in the byways, they will be sneered at and disobeyed.

The adoption of the eighteenth amendment to the constitution was the explosive effect of a mad excess of thoughtless zeal. The war, which we blame for almost everything else that we feel is deserving of censure, we may also blame for prohibition. We were crazy with enthusiasm and had to show it in action, just as a lot of college boys at a football game must smash their hats. That prohibition might do good as a permanent institution a few of us thought, but the vast crowd who made it possible believed, I feel certain, that it was purely a temporary makeshift to aid in safeguarding liberty and tolerance for mankind, like the eating of bread made out of sawdust and the wearing of overalls at dinner. In our ardent patriotism we were ready to go to any length.

All of us did suppose, however, that

prohibition would be enforced. We took it quite seriously at first. We never dreamed it was going to be the biggest farce of a law that the world has seen in modern times. Even today some of us pretend to regard it with respect as a majestic pronouncement of the divine will of the people that is being carried out effectively.

Was there ever such a travesty on government? Or such an example of a nation befuddling itself with official self-deceit? Well may Justice, the soul of law, be represented as blindfolded when lawmakers are more blind than owls. They will not see. Stupid obstinacy passes for perserverance, and sheer effrontery is hailed as courage.

We were swept into prohibition, and now every other man one meets is a bootlegger. In the eyes of a foolish law that cannot be enforced he is a criminal.

Look about you, ladies and gentlemen,

and say honestly to yourselves whether prohibition is doing good or harm. Do you think that the good, which may be done in trying to save from temptation those weaklings who might waste away their lives in barrooms, balances the harm in bringing about such disregard for a law that a premium seems actually to be put upon breaking it? The rewards of bootlegging are enormous; small by comparison are the dangers. Men are getting rich at it; and you yourself, perhaps, have no more compunction about buying liquor today and drinking it, than you had when the presumption that a prohibition law could be passed was fit only for a quip in vaudeville.

Do you think that the open and the secret drunkenness of former days was a fouler vice and then worked more evil than now? Do you not read daily of persons stricken to death by swallowing poison sold to them as whiskey? Do you

believe there is less crime now and more humanity?

I never do depend for my own conclusions entirely upon statistics that may be offered one way or the other. I have two eyes. You are equally well equipped for self-education. Never mind statistics; look roundabout you.

Have you not observed how many gentlemen have taken up, at least as an avocation, the buying and selling of liquor; or how "oft in the stilly night" they are stealthily manufacturing whiskey, or gin, or brewing beer in the kitchens or cellars of their homes? Does not the sight of a suitcase make you suspicious and thirsty?

Tell me, presuming you are an alert business man, do you not keep a bottle in your office desk? Or, if you are a fashionable woman, is there not a quart of real Scotch in your own pet closet—first shelf, on the right hand side, way back—

and have you not suspected that the maid has discovered its hiding place? You feel no shame because she has detected you as a common law-breaker, but her discovery of where you keep the bottle makes you angry. Real whiskey costs too much to allow a maid to drink it up.

Every day or so some friend or acquaintance gives me a new recipe for making moonshine. He has tested it himself, he says, and guarantees the formula with the assurance of a patent medicine doctor. Each successive recipe, I have noticed, approaches more nearly the crude simplicity of pure alcohol. Tramps used to drink that years ago. They called it "white line," and we shuddered at the bestial, ungovernable craving that could make a man so far forget himself as to drink such stuff. Now, we envy those tramps because they could buy grain alcohol so cheap.

Many of us honestly thought that

prohibition might help humanity—save our young men and girls from temptation, vice and sin. It seemed as desirable a law as the Golden Rule, and we failed to comprehend that it would be obeyed no more generally. We thought it might work, and we magnanimously cared nothing whatever for its effect on business interests that cringed before threatened financial loss. Let them suffer. Down with the saloon! Long live the spirit of Carrie Nation! Destroy the brewery and the still! Save the country from the curse of alcohol, no matter what the cost in taxes lost to the federal government and to municipalities!

And so the deed was done.

Congress defined intoxicating liquors by establishing the allowable alcoholic content of temperance drinks. The Supreme Court upheld the right of Congress to formulate such a definition.

At this decision the liquor interests

perked up a bit and sighed with satisfaction, for even at that late day they still desired that prohibition be ameliorated. To repeal an amendment to the constitution appeared to be no easy matter, but when the right of Congress to define what liquors are intoxicating was confirmed by the Supreme Court, a loophole to escape the drastic grip of the law seemed to offer; a loophole, they thought then, as big as a barn-door. Congress could come to the rescue of the parched and thirsty majority with a new act, raising the allowable alcoholic content of drinks classified as not intoxicating. Oh joy! Men with red noses and walrus mustachios burbled happily about the wise necessity for allowing the sale of beer and light wines.

But Congress showed not the slightest mercy to the throngs whose leathery tongues hung out black with thirst. The throngs continued as dry as ashes. Oh

Lord, how dry they were! But not because it was impossible, or even difficult, to discover for sale all the alcoholic liquor they wished. The price of real whiskey was what staggered poor, but sincere topers. Even newly invented, impressionistic drinks came high. Fifty cents was charged for a four-fingered portion of some concoction of ether, alcohol and brown sugar, when formerly for fifteen cents a man could buy good whiskey that was so denominated in the bond.

The new, cubist mixtures had a certain merit, however, and the public has rapidly learned to love them. They are wonderful time-savers. After being imbibed they rush from the stomach to the brain, like a fullback hitting the line. A customer who has swallowed one of these truculent drinks, pushes his way through the crowd of his fellow law-breakers in the little back room, and gains the street

with jaunty steps. A few moments later he does a headspin on the pavement, while passers-by hurry along, wondering whether he is a suicide or an advertisement.

A patrol-wagon arrives in due course, and carries off the helpless one to a hospital. When he comes to, he asks the patient nurse with the cool hand, why it is so dark. His optic fuses have burned out. The man is blind. He was in favor of prohibition and voted for it; now, he cannot even see how it works.

Meanwhile, the person who manufactures the poison that was sold to the invalid, continues to make forty-nine cents or more on every drink of it he sells, without the hampering restraint of cash register or taxes; and government sleuths cannot find his secret place of business, although every day it is visited by dozens of ordinary citizens who had never been in it before.

The absurdity of failure on the part of government detectives under such circumstances, is no greater than the absurdity of the legal opinion—upheld by the Supreme Court, too—that came out of Washington, to the effect that our prohibition law extended to foreign ships inside our three mile limit, with all its unflinching severity. This far-reaching—and far-fetched—interpretation of the Volstead act seemed to emphasize the joy our government sometimes takes in legal contortions that twist away from common sense. To maintain that legal opinion, I submit, is to overthrow the fundamental principle of international law.

As you well know, international law is founded upon the comity of nations. There is no international supreme court to interpret it, to decide what it is, or to command its enforcement. On a large scale it is the same sort of submergence of distinct, opposing rights and privileges

into a common code by implied compromise, as next door neighbors arrive at in the use of the same driveway to their respective garages. One neighbor may be quite sure that the other will allow him no right or privilege which is not reciprocal.

Suppose England announced that no American ship could come within her three mile limit, unless it carried for every man on board a "yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum?" Some countries, I believe, do require that their own ships provide sailors with a daily allowance of wine. Suppose that they extended this requirement to our ships within their three mile limit?

Was it presumed when the federal legal department announced that foreign ships could not bring liquor into our harbors, that we should have the right of search that must precede confiscation? It seems to me that the attempt to enforce

upon the high seas a not wholly dissociated principle — more high-hand in degree only—by England, led to the war of 1812.

Consider the commercial confusion to which the autocratic insistence of our country, drunk with the language of prohibition, might lead. Suppose that you, an English distiller, shipped from England whiskey consigned to Rio de Janeiro. The vessel that carries your whiskey carries also other cargo bound for New York. While in that port, en route to South America, your liquor consigned to Rio is seized. Do you think that would seem reasonable to you? Or to the nation under whose flag sails the vessel that carried your whiskey? No more do I; and to insist upon the possibility of upholding such a principle is but to make prohibition ridiculous on a larger scale—make of it an international burlesque, as well as a national riot of comedy.

Do not think that I am flippant. I am deadly serious. I am attempting to lead the way to a conclusion that is an illuminating paradox. You might suppose, presuming that infractions of the prohibition law in all parts of the country are as flagrant and result as evilly as I have insinuated, that every effort would be put forth to have the law repealed. But that does not necessarily follow.

The limitless demand for alcoholic liquors, no matter how poisonous they may be, has founded a brand new industry that in a few years will be greater and more powerful than the automobile industry. The illicit manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks is making millions of dollars for hundreds of persons right now. Do you think that they will wish to have their golden opportunity taken away from them? Hardly; and by the time that ordinary citizens who study the situation without bias, wake up

to the fact that prohibition is corrupting business honor and respect for law, they may find themselves unable to repeal it; for then they will discover that added to the opposition of the Prohibition Party, fighting sincerely to keep the law on the statute books, are powerful bootlegging capitalists.

You are apt to see bootlegging money spent like water to aid the prohibition cause. The bootleggers will battle to protect their lucrative business against the dangers of anti-prohibition that would destroy it. Such a struggle will be humorous, will it not? Think of political spell-binders in the employ of bootlegging interests, addressing enthusiastic W. C. T. U. meetings, and openly espousing prohibition because secretly they have been instructed to do so, since far more money can be made in the manufacture of deadly drinks and the sale of them at outrageous prices, when there

are no licenses to secure, no taxes or high rents to pay, than was ever made out of beer, wines and liquors in the days of the open saloon.

A new monopoly will be established, for eventually only a bootlegging trust will be allowed to do business with impunity; but the country will remain as it is today, blatantly and mendaciously dry. Drunkenness and insanity will increase, and there will be more crime caused by drink and by drugs than ever before; but our great purpose will stand as an achievement. The saloons will remain closed; our pleasant cocktail hour shall never return; and the story of how this country slipped, and splashed into prohibition, will some day be classed with The Mississippi Bubble, The Children's Crusade and other inexplicable mass follies that have left ugly marks upon the pages of history.

THE LADIES, DOGGONE 'EM

E.R. KIRKBRIDE

The Ladies, Doggone 'Em

BEFORE you wrong me by incontinently drawing from the title of this paper an erroneous conclusion, let me explain with emphasis that I am for women, good, bad and indifferent, every last one of them. They are far superior to men in every way—far more cunning and calculating and wicked and splendid. On the road through life there is no spot where I should not rather have with me than the best of men, the best of women. But whether, supposing I were to live on with Methuselahn perseverance, I could truthfully say the same thing one hundred years hence, I very much doubt.

As a sex, women are slipping, if rumors that have lodged in my ears are trustworthy. Lately I have overheard many harsh remarks about them—serious arraignments of their modern modes, moods and foibles. They ought to know the things men are whispering behind their bared backs; and I feel it my depressing duty to tell them. It is for their own good, and that is why, I take it, that, without disturbing the pleasant indifference maintained towards myself by practically the whole sex, I can cast off all reserve and gossip recklessly about their charming, loyal, wavering, faithful, erratic, impartial, unfair attributes.

Publicly to repeat scandal about a single woman—or a married one, either, for that matter—even when done in the most helpful, considerate spirit, cannot be but a delicate undertaking, if it is not downright dangerous. To choose the entire sex as a topic to tattle about is rank

temerity. Evaluate such wholesale rashness, then, and allow me, if you will, the regular discount for too earnest youth or for the garrulous indiscretion of old age, as you like, and be patient. Consider, also, that the theme is a Protean one which, without the slightest warning, may change beneath my very pen into something entirely else. Persistently as I shall try to stick to it, I dare say that in attempting to confine myself to women only I shall berate men, commiserate children, decry fashion and, perhaps, touch upon the world in general. I shall report honestly, however, even if as raucously as a dictaphone, and although something tells me that I may be censured for not having held my tongue.

It is not my purpose to offer evidence in regard to the corresponding virtues, tempers and temperaments of blondes and brunettes, nor of the risks of corresponding with them, either. Nor shall I

bring to issue here any question of the esthetic appeal in thin legs as compared to fat ones, nor of balancing the beauty of wide and deep bosomed heroines of the past against narrow and flat breasted political Amazons of the present. Research into such controversies is for theatrical producers, manufacturers of invisible hosiery and ruined old gentlemen who, convinced that they could depend at least upon the unreasonableness of women, embarked years ago in the corset business.

No indeed, our problems are more psychic and intricate. They graze the inmost mysteries of sex, but I will be extremely careful how I handle them. I shall not take off my gloves, I assure you, before you have become sufficiently inured to my handiwork to read boldly ahead, confident that you are not being led into prurient divagations. Not only do I cower before the prudery of the

United States mail, but I have no desire to toss off a salacious feuilleton. Always, if my choice must be noted, I prefer wholesome vulgarity in the smoking room to piddling with passion in the parlor. Besides, I doubt if anything I could write would so much as bring a blush to the cheek of a modern child.

Nowadays, I am informed, the prevailing educational vagary is to shoot sex lore into childhood as early as possible. Recently I suffered a startling shock from a little miss of ten. To her I made a casual remark about the stork's kindness in bringing to her home a dear, baby sister. She gave me what Lord Mountbatten called "the bird" (what we used to call "the razz"), and followed it up with such a fund of anthropological and sexual information that I hung my head. I never was so mortified in my life. I realized then that the sailing stork, with a hammocked babe suspended from its

bill, has been ostracized by modern society. It has been shooed away to that desert isle in the Sea of Nowhere, on which already languished the fairies, Jack Frost and Santa Claus marooned.

Modern over-education of children, and very young people, in the disenchanting truths of birth and life and death is to usual men coarse pedagogy. Stolidly cramming tender minds with such facts obliterates possibility of their forming many beautiful images. It reminds me of a blowzy, hulking half-wit, trampling about in an unprotected garden. The little girl who looked into every flower, hoping to catch a glimpse of some gauzy-winged fairy; who painstakingly set free buzzing flies entangled in spider webs, believing that they flew away home and told of their savior, is the kind of child I love to think about. I wonder if any of them are left in our educational centers. Precocious knowledge of sex, it seems to

me, cannot be pleasant even to an anatomist, and I predict that we shall rue the day when we began to believe that pure-mindedness in youth is best conserved by instruction in sex and sexuality.

Women may indignantly ask, "Are we to blame for the method of educating children?" The question is more arrogant than Cain's. Now that women have won their freedom and stand, flat-footed, upon the broad plane of political equality, less than ever have they a right to slight the peculiar cares and duties of their own sex. They may give a hand at the halyards aboard the ship of state, or struggle for a place on the quarter-deck, or even mutter mutiny in the forecastle, but they cannot sign articles that do away with their responsibility in bringing up children. They are under contract to nature to carry that burden, and they cannot get rid of it, no matter how far they go in mad excesses of liberty. Women

must bear the children, and the responsibility of bringing them up properly. If modern educational methods are wrong, women must correct them or take the blame.

Do you remember that fable of old Esop's about the criminal sentenced to death, whose last request was to speak to his mother? For years he had not seen her, but she was found and brought to the cell in which her son was confined. "Come near, mother," he insisted. "I want to tell you something." She leaned her old head against the bars, and the son, pressing close as if to whisper to her, bit off her ear. Horrified, the authorities led the poor, weeping woman away, while the criminal cried out after her, "If when I was a little child, you had not told me when I took things from the neighbors that it did not matter, I should not be here now."

More forcibly than any words, however,

does example lay down authoritative precept; and it is woman who is appointed to set a good example, not only for children, but for men. To do this is her highest prerogative. She is the maker of standards for conduct that expresses all the higher qualities and emotions. She is not called upon to give her reasons for the moral and social laws she is allowed to promulgate, but they must command something more circumspect than coarse man would insist upon; and she must, in order to rule him, live up to them herself.

In the grosser, sexless crimes we easily make allowance for her. We believe in her good intentions more readily than in her criminal propensities. Her innate refinement we estimate as a lovely and delicate stability of her character that should be shielded against uncouth buffets in the struggle to live. Whenever we see it overthrown in an individual

woman, we could weep. With the feminine shoplifter we sympathize, and we would pardon even the murderess, if there is any extenuating circumstance whatever. But we shudder at the woman who is wantonly faithless to her virtue as prescribed in the model idealized by her own sex.

In her new freedom she has temporarily, let us suggest, stepped out of her niche as an exemplar; she has forgotten, in the delight of first hand investigation into the world of business and politics, which her liberty has opened to her, that the discoveries she makes—so new to her—are old and stale to man. Her wonderful business ability, her knowledge of parliamentary law, or of science, or of medicine, or of politics can never be so overpowering as to blur his estimate of her sex value. That is what interests him, awes him or puts him at insolent ease with her.

Instinctively women know this well enough, no matter how sternly they try to reason that the relationships with men into which their new activities bring them, are coldly Platonic. They have no excuse of ignorant innocence to palliate the manner in which they are flaunting their sex with ever more daring ostentation.

Again would I urge upon you that I am no misogynist. I reiterate that women in general are to me always admirable, no matter what they do. But complaints against them are pouring in from all over the world—complaints so insistent that they must be accorded attention. Newspapers are daily streaked with great, black headlines shrieking of woman's demoralization; and stories in popular magazines indicate that her taste has become false and sensual. They reek of petty lasciviousness and pander to indecency. If modern life is what some of

these tales depict, it is, to put it mildly, an extravagant Saturnalia. If it is not so loose as that, decent women are maligned, and they and their daughters and their sisters and their feminine cousins and their aunts ought to be at more pains to give such stuff the lie by their actions and dress in public places.

For myself, I am somewhat at sea in regard to the real truth, because of woman's proneness to imitate the worst of her sex instead of the best. It is a trait uniquely feminine, that makes the most ingenuous of men sometimes suspicious of a good woman. A man goes about trying to look and act like George Washington, or Abraham Lincoln, or Napoleon, or Ben Franklin; but a woman wants to pose as a reincarnation of Cleopatra, or give the impression that she is somewhat more abandoned than a particularly licentious lady of the films. She loves to mimic in gown and personality

the adventuress and the courtesan, but when her acting is good enough to make the part she plays convincing, she weeps because she has been misunderstood.

Women are but parvenues in liberty; and because the dearest attribute of womanhood is modesty, they find, I suppose, the most emphatic expression of their new gained freedom in orgies of immodesty, like a minister's son who is excessively blasphemous. Thus, they think, they most forcibly demonstrate to men their right to do what they please.

That there has been a striking change in the appearance and actions of women during the last few years was brought shockingly to my attention by a friend of mine. Fifteen years ago he was called "extremely dissipated" by young ladies' mothers who warned their daughters to beware of him. Among his male friends he was known as a "sport"—a name in

high favor in those days — and a "rounder."

Right at the height of his profligate career, at the age of thirty, he suddenly disappeared from city life. He owned a mine, or a wheat farm, or a tract of timber land, or something of that kind in the wilds of Canada, and thither he went to acquire a fortune with which he might return to take up again the romantic life of a spender. Never until the other day did he come out of the wilderness. Then, unannounced, he returned to town with a whetted appetite for living in cities. I did not see him until after he had been back for nearly two weeks, when he hunted me up, and, with eyes staring like a poisoned pig's, he spoke. Because I used to regard him as a seasoned experimentalist in life, a courageous and successful philanderer, with experience covering a broad field, I quote him literally.

"In college," he began, "I neglected

my Latin or I should address you in that language, beginning, 'O tempora! O mores!' Certainly I ought to speak only in a tongue that is profoundly dead. It would be apropos, for no longer am I a live one. While I have been counting sheep and accumulating money, dreaming of my triumphant return to the bright lights of civilization, the world has rushed passed me at top speed. I sat me down for a few moments to recuperate, as it were, and to think in peaceful quiet upon courtship and intrigue; and now when I get up and come back I, who believed I was sophisticated, a connoisseur in life, a finished man of the world—Say, do you know how I feel? Like a man in a nightmare who suddenly finds himself, dressed in evening clothes, in the midst of a charity ball at which all the other guests are swarming about him stark naked. He does not know what to do, or what to think. He is ashamed at what he

sees, and yet somehow, he feels as if his own modest attire were a miserable gaucherie.

"Society has gone crazy during my absence, and it is women that have driven it mad. I used to think I led a fast life and saw a good deal, but all of it was nothing to what is put on every afternoon and evening at any of the best hotels now. Never before have I ogled so many women sitting cross-legged; nowhere in my dissolute past have I seen such huge lungfuls of cigaret smoke sucked in and breathed out again by young girls in public places. Just to walk around town and drop into the cafés provides a racier spectacle than Sam T. Jack used to stage for men only.

"Not since the Turkish contortions on the Midway at the Chicago World's Fair have I seen such dancing as they do everywhere today. Formerly, it would not have been tolerated in the toughest

dance halls. I used to do the loving two-step myself, but it was the minuet compared to these modern hugs and clings. I, an old rounder, stand amazed, I tell you, and ashamed at the erotic pawing and legging at a reputable thé dansant. Tell me, am I a hangover from an extinct age of decency—just an old fool of forty-five who, in order to get into the game again, must take lessons in vice and sin from débutantes?"

I said nothing.

He took a full breath and continued:

"I am afraid to look the pretty, little, painted ladies in the face, for I am cursed with perfect confidence in the unerringness of my intuition in regard to women, and I fear they might read in my eyes boldly insulting thoughts. I shrink from that because I know their fathers and their brothers and their husbands. But does that call for any restraint nowadays?"

"I wonder," I murmured.

"And the way women dress," he went on, "young and old! Why, when I left for the wilderness reformers were trying to persuade them not to wear skirts so long that they swept up germs and filth from the sidewalks. Now look at them. In skirts of almost ballet shortness, with stockings rolled down, they march the boulevards, swinging their rumps like Highland pipers.

"And all of them rouge; the most refined as well as the coarsest. There is no distinction in the way they smear their faces. They all look alike. There is none of the art that conceals art: they lay on the paint like toy-makers daubing the faces of manikins. What on earth is the idea? Can you tell me? Is it grief for the slain in the world's war that has turned women's brains? Is it fiercer competition to get men because a shortage in the visible supply has been brought about by bombs, poison gas and bullets?

"Don't tell me that women, for all their modern veneer of independence, are not hotter on the trail of men than ever before. I wouldn't believe you if you did, because I have been watching them work. Always they have pursued us, of course; but in the old days a smattering of chivalry maintained the supposition that we had to pursue them. I should like to believe that still. I should prefer to consider myself the victor, rather than a victim, in the culmination of a sex climax; but how can any man, young or old, make even a pretense of such a belief today?

"Every girl wants to be a vampire. Girls who break into business are ready to trap husbands, prospective or established, by any kind of trickery. They seem to regard marriage as a kind of get-rich-quick game that may be most enjoyed by cheating.

"Girls who do not break into business

obsess themselves with the idea that they must compete with chorus girls and actresses for the attentions of men. They fail to see the folly of one woman trying to play another woman's game.

"I had to laugh when I learned that segregated vice has been done away with. Good Lord, look at the result! Just as a blotter brought down heavily upon a pool of ink spreads it all over the paper, so the heavy hand of the law has splashed vice into every section of the residence districts. All over town the best women and the worst rub elbows and look exactly alike. Never was such equality of women in appearance. And is the public health any better for the purifying of red-light centers? I do not believe so when I see whole pages in newspapers devoted to advertising the treatment of social diseases.

"Are not young girls more openly and brazenly for sale than ever before? Or

do I wholly misunderstand this higher low life? Was there ever so much youth in tawdry trappings on the streets? Say, I have been warned not to extend to a strange young woman the most usual courtesy, lest it result in an attempt to blackmail me.

"God forbid that I should think that all women have lowered their moral tone, but I do think that even the best of them, by countenancing in their respectable sisters theatrical painting of faces, drinking, dancing sensual dances, smoking in public places and assertion of the right to be as careless of what any one may think of them, and as immodest, as the most shiftless of men, are abettors in bringing upon their whole sex an odium that eventually will place all women, so far as men are concerned, in the one category of casual companions; educated, competent amusers; entertainers who are called for when they are wanted, and at

other times may take care of themselves."

Dear ladies, if any of you should be incensed by this bitter diatribe, I ask your pardon for laying it before you. It seems as bigotedly puritanical as the burning of witches, but you must remember that the man I have quoted had no opportunity gradually to adjust himself, during the last fifteen years, to your growing liberty. Your glorious, untrammeled freedom of today burst upon him, as it were, at a single glance. It dazzled and confused him; but you should know, the better to appreciate this first effect on man of the pace you are setting, what a modern Robinson Crusoe, just returned to civilization, had to say about you.

I apologize for his unmanly expressions. To my way of thinking, women must use their independence to make their own decisions and solve their own problems.

Meanwhile, I do not care what they

do as a sex; and it is as a sex, remember, that my friend has railed against them abstractly. If it came to some certain, specific member of that sex, I wager it would be a different matter even with him. For myself, I can no better express my sincere worship of every good woman than by echoing the splendid tribute of Daniel Defoe:

"A woman of sense and manners is the finest, most delicate part of God's Creation, the glory of her Maker, and the greatest instance of His singular regard to man, His darling creature: to whom He gave the best gift either God could bestow or man receive."

SCIENCE AND CHARLATANRY

Science and Charlatanry

THOUGH we all assume thoroughly to understand that there is no easy road to learning, few of us do realize how painfully rocky is the path to even so small a fragment of erudition as is contained in that old saying itself. The admonition is swallowed down whole, like a capsule, by most of us, who wag our heads sagely and say, "How true!" and then rush off to buy for a handful of dollars the Secrets of Success, or to secure by mail a few weeks' course of instruction that will enable us to sell goods, write stories or draw cartoons better than would years of hard work in the usual

humdrum manner in which such ability is ordinarily attained.

Strange cults, odoriferous of sex and fulsome with self, also lure us away from the dull simplicity of common sense. They make achievement seem as easy as if the drive of desire were teed off the wishing carpet of The Arabian Nights. In our development we have arrived at a point where we fancy we are so crowded for time that we must have our mental food predigested. We believe that magnificent banquets of knowledge can be concentrated by some brilliant alchemy or prestidigation into cafeteria dishes, to be grabbed, bolted with gusto, and each accounted the equivalent of half a dozen dignified college courses.

Modern marvels of real science hypnotize us into seizing upon the most outré charlatanry, and hugging it to breast. It appears the more delightful if it be cryptic, esoteric and utterly harebrained. We

would buy a secret system for knowing the whole of astronomy without the trouble of learning multiplication tables or stupid rudiments of physics; we want to write compelling and enormously valuable moving picture scenarios, without the annoyance of grounding ourselves in grammar; and we are credulously ready to listen to messages from the spirit world, although we will not hear the whisperings of conscience. In a flabby, half-baked, under-done, unsound, wholly delirious way we are altogether too scientific.

Palmistry and phrenology have been shelved long ago, but we nourish with our foolish dollars many newer and gaudier chicaneries, and even exploit them to others as gullible as ourselves. "Wonderful discoveries," we call them, that "have a lot in them," and are "scientifically correct." They include methods for doing almost everything in an easy,

novel manner: talking with the dead, living on raw food like cattle, reducing weight without effort or any restriction of diet, restoring youth by a surgical operation or a facial massage, detecting various degrees of consanguinity by examining drops of blood, and curing all known or imagined diseases by music, colored light or carefully selected words.

Psychology, always the most interesting of sciences because it has to do most intimately with ourselves, merges so gradually into unknown realms of wildest dreaming that it is convincingly misused to give a tone of edification to the most preposterous chicane. A bright jewel in the refined curricula of universities, it has become also the adored fetish of the common yaps. It is now the darling model for intellectual gold bricks that may be ordered by mail, or bought direct at Sunday lectures in the poppycock culture clubs. Quack doctors,

who once advertised astounding medical cures of physical diseases, have been run out of most cities, but their places have been more than filled by flamboyant psychics and quack educators, who mulct a public parched for superfine learning that can be gulped down like water.

Nowadays, we are told that we can accomplish all sorts of startling, almost instant reformations, transformations and recuperations with our naked minds alone. "Observe, ladies and gentlemen," says the dogmatic lecturer, whose brow is as corrugated as a washboard, "no tiring labor is necessary in the use of our wonderful, scientific system. To get or to do whatever you wish, you need nothing beyond your own marvelous mind, that delicate, intellectual machine bestowed upon you by generous nature. If you fail to achieve what you desire, if you fall behind in the competition for success, after being advised of what you can do

for yourself with our system, you will have no one but yourself to blame. Devote a few minutes daily to learning how to apply it, and the world will be yours to command."

Who could turn a cold shoulder on such an opportunity? It is too delightful. We call dreaming thinking, and would egg ourselves into Rockefelleran fortunes by self-adulation. We would bolster up inherent timidity into fine, hearty courage by incessantly repeating to ourselves ludicrous, flattering falsehoods that some one else had to invent for us; and with a formula of mere words would ease ourselves into well formed, iron characters, as we slip our feet into tight shoes with a shoe-horn. We are quite certain that we can wish ourselves even on to a throne in heaven.

All this, mark you, is done in the noble name of science; and most of it, in this age reeking with buncombe, is made

possible by false methods of education. I knew a bartender years ago who had a pet sarcasm, which he always enunciated to express his contempt for every example of gross ignorance of life that came under his notice. He would tell what the act was, or repeat the statement that had aroused his disgust, and add with cheerful ridicule: "And there are so many free schools!" Were he living today, undoubtedly he would exclaim instead: "Because there are so many free schools!"

He was not an educated man in the ordinary sense of the word, but he knew how to use his mind to the extent of its utility, and was well aware what that limit was. Never did he try, unprepared, to press beyond it. That bumptious bogie, the fear of appearing to be ignorant, did not frighten him. He could use his eyes; he could ask questions; and he could think in simple terms. He did not

attempt to ratiocinate with symbols he could not comprehend, and therefore wasted no mental effort in hazy casuistry. If young men and women who come out of schools, colleges and universities were as discreet, they would not be so unhealthily ripe for garnering by the most egregious mountebanks. These latter, indeed, are today the real cognoscenti.

In the crude time of Oliver Twist, a lad who wished to learn a conservative and established method for cheating at the game of life sought instruction from a Fagin in the trade of pocket-picking. A later generation saw young incorrigibles arduously perfecting themselves in finger exercises, in order to develop the manipulative skill requisite for three card Monte and the shell game. Thus it is that progress rushes us all forward into ever more intricate mazes of modernity. The thief, as well as the banker and the beggar, must keep up with the times; and

nowadays, I imagine, an old crook would advise a young one, about to set out on his career, to read up on psychology and establish himself, with the aid of advertising columns and the United States mail, as an instructor in some form of wonderment. I can hear the old fellow saying: "My boy, there never were such opportunities in my day. Science is the stuff now. Lecture rooms attract more promising and more profitable suckers than ever did the circuses."

To make successful the most extravagant charlatanry, no more than a grain of truth is essential—just a speck of fact is sufficient, even if that fact has no relation to the chicane in hand, so long as it can be worked into it dexterously. An old adage is good enough, if a shred of science is lacking; but there ought to be some taint of truth in a chicane to make it gamey and really satisfying.

As an illustration of this, I am

reminded of the experience of an old-fashioned, striped-collared, check-suited confidence man, with a heavy, blue-black, mustache, in the old days when doubtful transactions were carried on with cards and dice more frequently than with oil stock, medicine and psychology. He was on his way to the Pacific coast from the East with a large batch of counterfeit paper money which he hoped easily to market there, where people made less use of paper money than of coin, and consequently might be supposed to be less familiar with its appearance.

Exigencies of railroad travel forced him to remain over night in a small town on the way. A gambling house faced the railroad station. Believing that he might combine business with pleasure, he strolled into it. Besides his counterfeit money, he had one hundred dollars in real money.

Taking fifty dollars of the real money

and fifty dollars of the counterfeit, he shoved it across the faro layout to the dealer, and asked for one hundred dollars worth of checks. The dealer counted the money rapidly, and slid a stack of checks to him. He played and lost them. Then he gave the dealer, for another stack, twenty-five dollars of real money and of the counterfeit, seventy-five dollars. Again he lost; and again he bought a stack of checks, adding to seventy-five dollars of the counterfeit his last twenty-five dollars of real money. This stack of chips he lost also.

Nonchalantly he offered the dealer an entire one hundred dollars worth of counterfeit money, seeking to buy another stack of checks. The dealer, after counting it over quickly, pushed it back. "You've got to have a *little* real money," he said genially.

And so a charlatanry, to be well received by the public, must have a

little real science in it, although it does not much matter how little.

Comenius, who throve at the thankless task of educating in the seventeenth century, had a great idea when he conceived the desirability of compiling a book of general knowledge. It was to be a kind of foundation of wisdom for everybody in the world. His plan was so good a one that it should be carrried out, but in greatly modified form. What we ought to have is a Primer of Common Sense.

Wisdom, itself, is only a high power of Common Sense that recognizes as good those courses which are mapped out in sound theories; and yet the word theorist is a term of belittlement. Theorizing, nevertheless, includes the best kind of thinking; but it is hard work that can be made pleasant only by constant practice. We hate to exert ourselves, and that is why so little sound theorizing is done

by most of us. To believe what we are told is less troublesome than thinking. Your average man loves theorizing, all the same, if some one else will do it for him. Even a poor quality of it thrills and charms him, as note the popularity of mystery stories based upon the deductive theorizing of some detective of the school of C. Auguste Dupin, from whom Sherlock Holmes borrowed all the tricks of his trade.

In our schools and colleges theorizing is not fostered. More likely it is apt to be considered presumptious in a student. Memorizing is the criterion for excellence. Youthful originality, instead of being nurtured, is usually knocked on the head by some stupid, old pedagogue who fails to recognize a young mind that is better than his own, merely because it is not yet filled up with scraps of academic learning. Many of us thus are actually trained, in what we call our thinking, to

be submissive to some extraneous pedantry, the authority of which clings in our mind and permeates everything we take into it, like an onion in an ice-box.

The liability to distort fact into fiction, or to clothe fiction with the appearance of fact, by mere repetition from mouth to mouth, is patent to everyone; and yet many old saws that have been repeated down the centuries, from one person to another, are worshiped with the greatest veneration, although on their face they may be silly falsehoods. "Stuff a cold and starve a fever," is such a one. There is no need to call in a physician to learn that to stuff a cold would be a miserable bit of anti-hygiene; but nevertheless, there are persons who regard this stray fragment of medical advice as worthy of being followed. Obviously, the old adage must have been orginally, "If you stuff a cold, you will *start* a fever," or something of that kind, as I have no doubt

some one has pointed out long before this.

The strength of charlatanry is due largely to mere repetition that gives to a statement, no matter how false it may prove to be on examination, an appearance of accepted truth. Science alone is too cautious and methodical to be affected by appearance. It suspects appearances at once. Slow and careful, it examines every declaration as a conservative, old lawyer searches through an abstract of title. It will not accept statements on mere authority.

Science makes mistakes sometimes, but its mistakes are never the errors of rash haste. Far more wonderful than its latest and most marvelous discoveries is the access of painstaking scrupulosity in its modern methods of investigation, calculated to reduce even the possibility of error to a minimum.

Such painful exactitude is altogether

too slow for the mob mind. That skips along to welcome a gay and promising charlatanry, with childish willingness to believe in all the pseudo-scientific foolery of mountebanks.

Naturally, the treatment of disease offers a magnificent stage for these conjurers. They sweep aside the whole of modern medicine with a superior gesture. They point to some horrible error of an ancient physician to prove that the modern schools are as far from the truth today. What sophistry! But it is effective. Just how effective you can easily realize by reading what Ambroise Paré wrote in 1537 about gunshot wounds:

"It is true," said he, "I had read in John de Vigo, first book, 'Of Wounds in General,' eighth chapter, that wounds made by firearms partake of venenosity, by reason of the powder; and for their cure he bids you cauterise them with oil of elders scalding hot, mixed with a little

treacle. And to make no mistake, before I would use the said oil, knowing this was to bring great pain to the patient, I asked first before I applied it, what the other surgeons did for the first dressing; which was to put the said oil, boiling well, into the wounds, with tents and setons; wherefore I took courage to do as they did. At last my oil ran short, and I was forced instead thereof to apply a digestive made of the yolks of eggs, oil of roses, and turpentine. In the night I could not sleep in quiet, fearing some default in not cauterising, that I should find the wounded to whom I had not used the said oil dead from the poison of their wounds; which made me rise very early to visit them, where beyond my expectation I found that those to whom I had applied my digestive medicament had but little pain, and their wounds without inflammation or swelling, having rested fairly well that night; the others, to

whom the boiling oil was used, I found feverish, with great pain and swelling about the edges of their wounds. Then I resolved never more to burn thus cruelly poor men with gunshot wounds."

Lest we too readily cry out in amazement at this pitiable ignorance of the sixteenth century, and too quickly discredit the science of medicine today because of its coarse error then, let us read an excerpt from a modern book, regarded as a perfect fount of learning and wisdom by thousands, which would destroy the whole practice of medicine forthwith, substituting for it a little excellent hygiene and much fascinating theory.

"Have your hair cut only during the first quarter of the moon," says the dignified author. "The ladies may clip off the ends of their hair during that period. Skeptics may smile at this as 'another evidence of ignorance and superstition.' However, 'fools deride'—etc.

"The country people in many parts of Europe, who are much closer and wiser observers of Nature and her ways than the conceited 'wise men of the schools,' do their sowing and reaping in accordance with the phases of the moon. In order to insure vigorous growth, they sow and plant during the GROWING moon; but their cutting and reaping is done during the WANING moon."

Does this twentieth century farrago seem more learned than Paré's treatment which he, be it observed, corrected? Hair cutting in accordance with phases of the moon deserves classification with carrying a rabbit's foot for luck, or a potato for rheumatism. And how, may I ask, is agriculture analogous to the growing and cutting of one's hair? As for planting and reaping in accordance with phases of the moon, such customs quite naturally arose in days long before the peasant had any sort of calendar

beyond that which nature furnished.

Such absurdity in a book that contains much good sense is a small thing, you may say, to seize upon and hold up to ridicule. But there is a big thing in the book that is evil: an attack upon vaccination; and a tirade against it. I do not intend to take up the cudgels for vaccination. That surely ought not to be necessary, when long experience and real science have proved beyond cavil the inestimable value of it in protecting the world against the scourge of smallpox. I do, however, point out that bit of moonshine about hair-cutting because, small as it seems, it is pregnant with deep meaning. When it is seriously offered as knowledge in a book that pretends to be scientific, instantly it strips bare the mind of the author. It is like the sudden flash of a searchlight down a dark, ill-paved road.

In the newspapers we read of a doctor

who loudly announces that he has discovered a method of proving the relationship of parent and child by examining a drop of blood from each. What a fascinating contention! And because it is fascinating, we are ready to accept it as true with the same credulity that we give to an unsubstantiated rumor that a mysterious murder has been committed, in a case of commonplace suicide. The laboratories of the scientific world are open to this doctor to demonstrate his theory in, but, so far as I know, he has not yet even attempted to prove to science the truth of his boast. I doubt whether ability to trace relationship by blood has developed much beyond what it was when Professor Schwalbe wrote in 1908:

"Uhlenhuth, Nuttall, and others have established the fact that the blood-serum of a rabbit which has previously had human blood injected into it, forms a precipitate with human blood.

This biological reaction was tried with a great variety of mammalian species, and it was found that those far removed from man gave no precipitate under these conditions. But as in other cases among mammals all nearly related forms yield an almost equally marked precipitate, so the serum of a rabbit treated with human blood and then added to the blood of an anthropoid ape gives *almost* as marked a precipitate as in human blood; the reaction to the blood of the lower Eastern monkeys is weaker, that to the Western monkeys weaker still; indeed in this last case there is only a slight clouding after a considerable time and no actual precipitate."

It is toward the cure of disease and old age, however, that modern chicanery particularly directs its efforts. We have now a marvelous treatment of ailments by bathing the patients in a flood of colored light. Forty or fifty years ago

we had a similar craze. Then we were told that bluish light promoted health, and persons eagerly put panes of blue glass in their windows, and used blue shades for lamp and gaslight.

But to restore youth! That has always been the dream of adepts, from Dr. Faustus down. At present, the monkey gland method of achieving such an impossibility is in high favor with feeble thinkers. The inventor of the new treatment has not yet been hailed by science as the savior of our race. He is exceedingly wroth in consequence. He offered a few experimental cases as proof of the importance of his discovery, and did not seem to understand why science should not instantly accept them as a conclusive demonstration. It should not do so, of course; and it did not do so. Properly, it insisted on waiting at least to see how these cases would turn out. Perhaps, instead of growing younger, the possessors of monkey glands

might merely become bigger monkeys.

Nevertheless, we should be prepared to see sanatoriums for old asses who want to take the monkey gland treatment spring up all over the country. There ought to be millions in them—of asses, as well as dollars.

Twenty years ago a friend of mine was taking the goat lymph treatment. He was having injected into his spine a serum-compound of certain essences of the strong and lusty goat, on the promise that this would offset the evil effects of a misspent youth.

I asked him how the treatment worked. He was but mildly enthusiastic.

"The uplift in each dose," said he, "lasts about as long as a good drink of bourbon; but whether the benefit comes from the goat juice that is shot into my back, or from the hypnotic conversation of the doctor, I cannot tell. The doctor is a mighty clever talker."

My poor friend died long ago, and the goat lymph treatment is gone, too. It seems to have been packed away into Oblivion's cupboard, with other sanguine remedies of former days. There is no lack of new cures, however; and today we have, also, a novel mode of diagnosis, which is dreamily optimistic. According to the theory underlying this, the eye is a miniature chart of the entire human body. There, in its certain place, is recorded the history and condition of every organ.

This supposition is somewhat of a throw-back to the rationale of palmistry or phrenology, but it is more fascinating and more easily accepted, because everyone knows that the color and general condition of the eye really are helpful in making diagnoses of disease. To reduce such a general indicator to an exact annuciator is an excellent work of imaginative pathology, but I doubt whether

its reliability has yet been demonstrated to science. The public, however, is ready to seize upon it as the most trustworthy theorem of medical learning. The only proof it needs is repetition of that saying about the eyes being windows of the soul.

"If they tell the truth about the soul, why should they not more certainly tell the truth about the body? Undoubtedly they do." Quod erat demonstrandum.

The story of ferreting out the marvels of this eye diagnosis is highly entertaining. The discoverer, it seems, when he was a boy had a pet owl. He was playing with the bird one day when its leg suddenly broke. Instantly, he observed, there appeared in a certain part of one of the owl's eyes a black spot. Years afterward, as a man who had pillaged medicine and science of knowledge and wisdom, he recalled the experience with his pet owl, and set to work to develop his scientific, accurate method of diagnosis by the eye.

The most popular modern means of diagnosis, however, and of cure, too, is psychology. Everything has became possible by use of that. Even men who are discontented with their situation in life —who feel that they are not fully appreciated by others because they underrate themselves—are gravely advised that a remedy for this diffidence is to sit alone in their rooms and howl with vehemence and confidence, "I am a great man! I am a great man!"

The error here is ostentatious. Yelling confidentially at oneself cannot begin to produce the results that haranguing the multitude will bring about. In the latter case all that is necessary is a loud enough voice. Observe its effectiveness in the number of mediocre political leaders who, by persistent shouting, have deafened the mob into a dull acceptance of their statements.

I would not have you presume, dear

Reader, that I wish to discredit Emile Coué, or the horde of those who have preceded and followed him in the laudable labor of dispensing easy recipes for achieving contentment and success. I would simply suggest that everything of real, scientific value that appears in their books and teachings may be found more soundly, if sometimes less interestingly, set forth in good works on psychology. Take the trouble to study those, if you are interested in the subject. Get the body of the Pierian drink you crave, instead of only the froth. You will find it more satisfying and more stimulating.

If you have not time enough to study, or rather, if you think you have not time enough to do it, you may find the bible well worth skimming through. There, in epitome, you are likely to come across much that is heralded in volumes today as new thought. Even the whole of

M. Coué's psychological philosophy has been expanded from one of the Proverbs. You may remember it:

"For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he."

As I urged many pages back, poke around in yourself, and dig up what lies deep within you. In this residuum you will find much gold, perhaps, to which you may compare the iron pyrites of buncombe. Do this, and you will discern readily enough in most cases the difference between the real and the false; the distinction between science and charlatanry.

PUTRID PIFFLE

Putrid Piffle

ART is wholesome make-believe that convinces the senses of the truth it reveals; piffle is pert pretense. Art fundamentally is expression of sincerity; piffle fundamentally is affectation, or something worse. Both produce emotional effects, but good art produces upon the sound, cultivated mind the effect which the artist deliberately purposes to produce. Piffle utterly fails to accomplish this achievement.

Even art that is not of the best deserves considerate attention, if the earnest sincerity of the artist is apparent; but piffle should be accorded nothing except bitter scorn. By paltry cleverness it tries deftly to assume the manner and aspect of true

art; but it is insincere and false as a prostitute.

The artist and the piffler look at life from radically different points of view and estimate the value of it in terms utterly unlike. Between them the chasm is as wide as the gulf between that man who always is trying to do his honest best and him that is but a showy, faithless hypocrite.

Fine art has to do with what is above price: with truth and beauty. Normally, it is not concerned with gratifying the bad taste of dollar-spangled nouveaux riches. It has no business to attempt to button-hole attention in the market-place, like an automobile salesman or a "mere banker." To its earnest, single-minded, perhaps starving, votaries the knowledge that François Villon was a thief and Benvenuto Cellini a murderer is less shocking than that some artist has lied with his brush, or pen, or chisel to

win a competence from those who do not understand, although through accidents of acquisition they are able to pay well for whatever they want.

P. T. Barnum it was, I think, who pointed out that to make money, first, a man must have something the public wants, and then, he must make the public know that he has it. But this is a precept for the salesman, not for the artist. True art should win its way to glory like the modest violet. It is the only thing left in the world to which enthusiastic asses can pin their faith in the quixotic belief that, amid treachery, trickery, guile and dishonesty, merit inevitably conquers. This is a belief that must survive, or the nations shall fall apart into barbaric groups that will in the end, as they did in the beginning, estimate culture solely by proficiency in swinging a club or throwing a spear.

Great artists have wallowed in piffle

more than once, but such descents are heart-sickening incidents in their careers, like periodical drunkenness in a priest. Those down-goings generally have been brought about by spleen; or else, because "Art is far weaker than Necessity," they have been caused by dire poverty.

In the life of Whistler there is a notable instance of a lapse into piffle; not in his painting, be it understood, but in the methods he pursued to make the world take notice, as he pointed to himself and vehemently cried, "Ecce homo!" In his own book he laid bare this weakness in his soul. There you shall read between the lines why he brought his famous lawsuit for damages against his harsh critic, Ruskin; and why he did a dozen other startling things. He went to London to make his living and achieve fame as a painter and because, perhaps, popular recognition of his work seemed to him to come over-slowly, disgust of the world

rose up in him like a flood of rage. Versatile, as every great artist always is, he became for a time a smart, advertising tradesman.

That Whistler did adopt the circus man's technique, every page of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" proclaims. No modern publicity agent should fail to read that book, and gather additional instruction in how to force attention from an unheeding world. Whistler, however, in his painting did no piffling; but that artistic crime is what many of his exaggerating imitators, madly modern, are guilty of. They do not wish to paint a subject that merely portrays an emotion, but would paint the emotion itself. They sneer at the idea of depicting an angry man, and would attempt to represent anger alone by pure color. They, also, paint symphonies and, for all I know, polkas, galops and jazz as well; or rather, as ill. They talk about

interpreting their own personalities and struggle to do it in a form of expression as incomprehensible as gurgling baby talk to strangers. Their pictures may mean something, like a secret-service cipher, but who that is not let into the mystery can know what? They are as dull as cartoons that require explanations.

Actually to paint a musical composition is no more possible than it is to write a pastel, or to play a perfume, or to deliver as an address a fox-trot. Efforts to accomplish these anomalies are piffle; and the results are piffle.

In painting, as the word is used in its highest sense, it is evident that no artist can masterfully proceed, oblivious to everything but the single aim of contrast and harmony in the color medium with which he works. He cannot ignore form that imitates as well as color. To get really admirable effects with pure color alone, vast spaces are necessary. The lighting

in a modern moving-picture theater furnishes wonderful examples of beautiful effects; but such effects cannot be reproduced on six square feet of canvas without the representation of a subject.

In nature, although the wealth of color may be the great materia of beauty, nevertheless, the blues and grays of distance, the greens, browns and yellows of foliage cannot be made to reproduce their effect in nature solely by combination of them on canvas as mere blotches or stripes of color. There must be imitation of objects as a subject—the representation of distant mountains, of woods, or a garden. Then, the effect of color in a landscape is built up on the canvas; then, he who views the picture brings his own memory and sentiment to the representation; and within his brain a thousand suggestive cells are set quivering, until they build up in his mind an emotional chord that more or less accurately

echoes the feeling which the original, or the imaginative conception, of the painting aroused in the artist.

To assert that one can paint the effect of moonlight upon a shadowed stream in a woody hollow by just combining pure colors, without truthfully representing the subject, is piffle. It is like attempting to paint the Cheshire Cat's grin, without representing the cat, as it remained suspended before Alice's marveling gaze for some time after the cat itself had vanished. It is like trying to make one who has never seen the ocean appreciate its majesty and vastness by giving him a swallow of salt water.

But most of us love what seems to be esoteric. We still retain plenty of the monkey in our make-up and eagerly seize upon any new thing which we do not quite comprehend; and are delighted with it. We flock to an exhibition of cubist art and fancy we actually discern

rare beauty in a grotesque jargon of color and geometrical suggestion. Perhaps if we knew artists better, and saw much of their unfinished work, we should perceive in its "blocking out" something of the "cubist" method; and should then more readily understand how the cult of cubist art might have had its beginning from exhibitions in Paris of unfinished sketches and studies, done by artists and left in the hands of impatient creditors. These may well have been shown by greedy dealers, tricking a silly public, as examples of a new school of painting; and, because they gained notoriety by the very boldness of the incongruous claims made for them, they sold.

Much piffle, unfortunately, can develop from the very fact that every artist must paint what he himself sees. Feeble critics, because they know this, sometimes are awed by the shock of vile drawing and impossible colors into crediting a

piffler with almost supernatural vision, instead of charging him with distorted eyesight. I can imagine a flippant, immature art student, trying to defend to his teacher the use of startlingly false colors in some bit of work he has done, by insisting that they truthfully represent how he saw his subject. And I can imagine the teacher, patiently explaining to that student that, although it is true he should paint his subject as he sees it, nevertheless he must, in order to do anything worth while, see correctly, no matter how much more deeply than an ordinary observer.

Art is the sanest thing in the world and naturally requires, both in its execution and appreciation, a high power and refinement of common sense. How rare is this among professed critics! And yet a critic, if he have only common sense, may go a long way upon a somewhat pitiful culture, for his possession of that

one sterling quality to start with will make his knowledge sure-footed, and restrain him from climbing to heights that might make him giddy.

A miserable phrase that is simply deadening to persons with common sense is often bandied about by haughty mortals who regard themselves as having some title to culture.

"Ah," says Madame, with a toss of her head, her eyes snapping and a note of triumph in her voice, "I may not be a critic, but I know what I like."

Wonderful dictum! But, dear Madame, so does the cannibal in the South Sea Islands. So does the drunkard, the drug fiend, the moral leper, the very hog at its trough of offal. The duty of cultivated human beings is to know what they ought to like; and it is no inconsiderable task of every day life to root out of oneself low tastes—to destroy those likes one should be ashamed of. This work is all

that cultivation is: the killing of weeds that spring up unbidden among one's desires and tastes, and the planting, protecting and nurturing of the best that will grow there.

In modern writing, piffle has become so rife that one who is not subjugated by its glittering effrontery must choose his new novels and essays with care, lest he purchase what ought to disgust him. Something of what is presumed to be the French manner seems to have crawled into vogue, and an author, after having pleasantly and familiarly mentioned George Moore and, perhaps, Murger once or twice, plunges forward without fear of being called a trite copyist. He thinks he has insured himself against that charge by paying his respects to his masters and knows, futhermore, that few of his readers who, he hopes, will trill enthusiastically of his sophisticated smartness, are likely to have read the

books that gave him all the leads for his thin, flashy patter.

I read a book recently that made me rather ill. It offered to the world as a new idea, supposedly, in the art of writing, much cataloguing of odd terms. François Rabelais, however, did this some centuries ago, with a brilliance that entirely fades the attempted smartness of a piffler. When one has read the old monk's witty—and vulgar—catalogue of games at which Gargantua played, one is affected by a modern attempt to provoke naughty thoughts by means of a list of emasculated, pretty, parlor phrases as unpleasantly as by a female impersonator.

Modern stuff of that sort is the most miserable piffle, as is dragging into a book supposed occult lore, alchemy or other buncombe, with no purpose apparent beyond the using of words which the author fancies must carry petty thrills of quaint erudition. Such palaver

ought to give an honest reader nausea.

In books of the kind intimated there is no sound substance. All is sickly mannerism; much ado about a worthless nothingness that lacks the airy spirituality of that kind of nothingness which is creative of art. They are like Russian paper money; like a gold-brick; like gaudy certificates of stock in a valueless oil well. They foist upon the reader the clap-trap of a piffling writer. Within a few pages of one such book, the author sets down "pinguid," "palinodal," "horrendous,""thaumaturgic,""clepsydra,""periapts," "symplegmata," "aspergills," and the like; and, with a kind of naked intimacy, makes use of innumerable names of acquaintances and of persons he has read about in the newspapers. Imagine offering such truck to the public for money.

Literary under-breeding may cringe before that kind of stuff, mistaking it for "excellent style"; but if it is any kind of

style at all, it is as easy to attain as copying the words quoted. To me, it seems more like the shrewd Jim Pinkerton's advertising method. You recall how he said to Louden Dodd:

"Here's a sketch advertisement. Just run your eye over it. 'Sun, Ozone, and Music. PINKERTON'S HEBDOMADARY PICNICS.' (That's a good, catching phrase, 'hebdomadary,' though it's hard to say. I made a note of it when I was looking in the dictionary how to spell hectagonal. 'Well, you're a boss word,' I said. 'Before you're very much older, I'll have you in type as long as yourself.' And here it is, you see.)"

In advertising, such words are legitimate enough, I fancy, as a kind of bludgeon with which to knock down attention; but the use of startling words that are effective in striking the eye may be no more than uncouth abuse of language considered as literature. A double

handful of them scattered over a few pages hardly takes the place of worthy literary effort.

It goes without saying, I think, that authors must be original. That is essential; but excessively modern writers seem to assume that the quality can be put on like a harlequin's costume, or a Greek tragedy mask. They try to palm off the bizarre, the incongruous, the salacious, the effeminate in a man and the masculine in a woman as originality.

"If you have any originality," said Flaubert to Guy de Maupassant, "you must above all things bring it out; if you have not you must acquire it."

Every man, as a very corollary of his being, is born original, but only the brave dare cling to this distinction throughout life and few of those can express it in art. Most of us lose ourselves in the confusion of living. Deliberately, because of ignorance, or carelessly, because of

weakness, we blur our birthright of oneness and cloud our souls.

Think how original is every child. Always children are the same, but never a day passes that each one of them does not give proof of its originality that startles or delights all who are made aware of it. Childhood is the playground of originality, but as we plod away from it we learn to be ashamed of our own selves. We strive to put a petty veneer over our originality, or to obliterate it altogether. Through obstinate disuse it becomes atrophied and dead, like a limb kept continuously bound in bandages.

We grow up with our inner power of vision constantly failing; and finally, in the ripe age of agreeable sophistication, we actually congratulate ourselves that the eye of intellect has become as servile as was the physical eye of Polonius, who saw, at Hamlet's suggestion, the same

cloud successively take on the instant likeness of a camel, a weasel and a whale.

Originality is acquired—or rather it is regained—only by a vast patience. Nature, whether viewed in its widest aspect, narrowed to a single species, or restricted to an individual is always the same, but infinitely various. The representation of this great sameness is the convincingness of art; the particular variety of this sameness that is represented should express the originality of the artist. It must be what he alone sees, while at the same time it must be recognizable as the truth.

In painting, this originality produces the chief effect of the painter's technique; in writing, it is the ingredient that gives distinction to a writer's style. Because the very essence of it is difference from everything else in the world, the piffler thinks that mere difference is all that it is. Difference, therefore, is what he strains to attain by means of cheap

and easy affectation. To startle by common surprise, he thinks, is to impress by originality. When a courteous suggestion would be in good taste, he would slap your face. He would call black white and stand back, swelling like Esop's frog, to await plaudits for his originality.

Art is no such dashing, erratic, casual affair. The dullest of us can see that it is easier to draw a crooked line than a straight one; to paint foliage blue or black, than to give to it Nature's delicate shifts of color; to daub a nude with any sickly pigment, rather than try to paint true flesh tones.

The force of piffle lies solely in incongruity. It is like a monkey at a dinner table, an unkempt tramp at a ball. It is as easy to achieve as a reputation for telling nasty stories. Obscenities, oaths and cant words in themselves, when printed amid reputable language in a respectable looking book, give luscious thrills of

indecency to the diseased sentimentality of putrid piffle readers.

Have you never listened to a little child who, thinking it is all alone, tests upon itself the emotional effect of evil words it has overheard by repeating them aloud with a kind of fearsome delight? That is what both the writer and the reader of putrid piffle do.

See how easy it is to get such effects: write a story of smart society and have the hero—at once a handsome libertine and a caveman—draw the beautiful, clinging, sensuous girl who is madly in love with him, into a shadowy corner at the Baccarat Club dance and whisper into her ear:

"You're a damn fool, darling, but I love you for what I can teach you."

The writer of putrid piffle always aims to produce a salacious effect, while prating of the beauty of art untrammeled by social conventions. Familiar as a

Parisian Apache with the power of foul words to heighten sensual craving, he would try to achieve this very end by affecting a super-refined, erotic diction; and call the result art, and his book original. His writing, however, is no more than an indecent abuse of words that bears the same illegitimate relationship to literature that obscene photographs bear to fine paintings of the nude.

"Obscenity," said Shelly, "which is ever blasphemy against the divine beauty of life, becomes, from the very veil which it assumes, more active if less disgusting: it is a monster for which the corruption of society forever brings forth new food which it devours in secret."

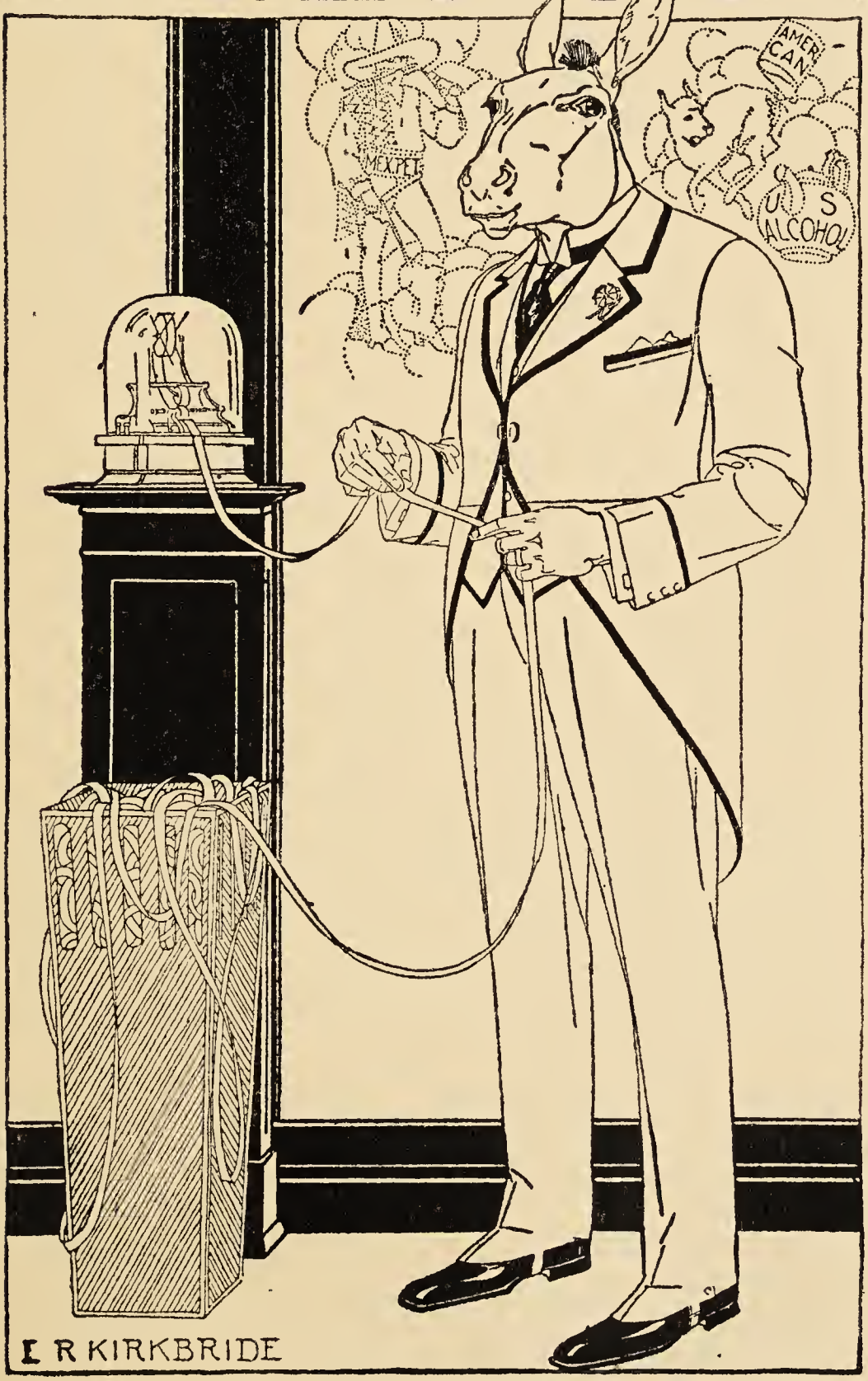
Art rises closest to religion. In it there is no blue-nosed piety. It is sincere and wholesome as good, home-made bread; but putrid pifflers are trying to corrupt it today, as they have always tried to corrupt it in times when civilization

has tottered towards one of its periodical falls. Sensualism, modernism, extravagant unnaturalism are like scratching at smallpox pustules; they seem to relieve the sore spots in degenerating society, but they only inflame, and leave behind hideous scars.

Originality is not newness; it is oldness, as the word itself indicates. In these modern days no man need strain at affectation in the effort to seem original. He can be original, and shine out like a soaring rocket, if he but fan into flame the little spark given to him by God to differentiate him from the brute—that divine spark of origin in man, handed down from his Creator for him to pass on to posterity. If he lets it go out, he betrays a trust. He must shield and protect it from gusts of cheap and commonplace passions. Let him look to his self-respect, his honesty, his decency, his honor. Let him take care of himself. Thus shall he

fulfil the implied contract to which the gift of life has bound him. Thus shall he ennoble himself, worship his Maker and benefit mankind.

GAMBLING AND GAMBLERS



Gambling and Gamblers

NEXT to self-preservation, the first instinct of mankind undoubtedly is sexual; but the second, just as certainly, is gambling; and if the images that flit through a human mind during a lifetime could be wound up on spools, like moving-picture film, and then projected upon a screen, I think it very unlikely that any three-score-reel-and-ten production would show an overwhelmingly larger proportion of sexual instigations than of gambling proclivities. The latter, furthermore, as well as the former, would furnish the motives in a goodly number of intensely dramatic scenes. From earliest

times men have sung songs like poor Billy Emerson's "Could I only back the winner, what a different man I'd be" and George M. Cohan's "All I want is fifty million dollars" almost as ardently as "My Pearl is a Bowery girl" and "I love her in the same old way."

Gambling is old as sin. It is the deepest rooted amusement. The lure it carries is the promise of possible and immediate freedom from labor. For the risk demanded, gambling seems to offer returns so enormous that it suggests the getting of something for nothing. This is a seduction that human nature cannot withstand and, therefore, every confidence man, every business man and every advertiser of any kind so frames his proposals that they will bait a trap to catch the gambling instinct.

In an old Book of Complete Knowledge that I bought many years ago at a second-hand book store for a quarter, I

read that gambling originated among the Lydians during a famine. Madly they gambled while they starved. For whole days and nights together they played on, seeking in the blazing excitement of winning and losing to burn up memory of the hunger that was killing them.

The truth of this story I do not allege; but there is evidence of its veracity. The Lydians, who were descended from Lud, son of Shem, son of Noah, are accredited with the invention of coining money. Now, no incentive towards creating a coinage could have been greater than the sudden and frequent changes of wealth from one owner to another that are so essential an incident of gambling. Furthermore, the last king of the Lydians, before they bowed beneath the yoke of Cyrus, the great Persian, was Croesus, the richest man in ancient history; and without gambling, it would have been

quite impossible for him to have accumulated such a fortune as he acquired half a thousand years before the birth of Christ.

It would be quite impossible to pile up the enormous fortunes that exist today, without gambling. True, we moderns have differentiated gambling into a wide gamut of nicely shaded distinctions, many of which are methods of laborless money-getting that go by more dignified titles than gaming; nevertheless, they are framed, one and all, to whet precisely the same appetite—the gambling instinct.

The eager craving of this appetite is elucidated in an old story about a drunken man who bet his sober friend five dollars against a hundred that he, too, was perfectly sober.

"You know you are drunk," said his sober friend, after the wager had been made.

"Yes," replied the drunken man, "and

heresh's my five dollars; but I couldn't reshist the odds."

At this time, I shall not tear away the curtain in front of which I stand before you. That shall be done only when I come to write an autobiography. Now, you must, without inspecting the data of my original research into the subject, allow me to offer concerning gambling three fundamental conclusions. First, most gamblers lose; second, luck is supreme and its irrational domination should never be forgotten; third, skill is largely based upon practicable knowledge of the law of averages, of the calculus of probabilities and comprehension of the unknown percentage.

That most gamblers lose is so plain and simple a truth that one wonders if any person can doubt it. But the obviousness and simplicity of a truth are never conclusive argument that it is recognized. We overlook what is easiest seen.

The proof that most gamblers lose is convincing, even without knowledge that is born of wide experience. Suppose one hundred and twenty-eight persons, with one dollar each, play a game of pure chance, in sixty-four pairs, for their dollars. Sixty-four will win, and sixty-four will lose. Let the sixty-four winners play with each other in thirty-two pairs, until thirty-two of them win all the money; and so on. Obviously, the number of winners, in proportion to the whole number of losers, progressively decreases. If into the game that is played is introduced skill or trickery, the rapidity with which the number of winners will dwindle to very few will be accelerated.

So clear and simple is this that those of us who think we are not moved by the gambling instinct, because we do not express it in playing games with cards or dice, are apt to throw our hands up in wonder that any man can be so foolish as

to gamble. "How is it possible," we may exclaim, "that he can believe he will win?"

It is not difficult for him to believe he will win. He, like you and me and all the rest of us, presumes that he is an exception to the general rule. No human being, I think, can be so dead to conceit that he does not consider himself exceptional in some desirable way. He believes this, too, in spite of all the experience of the world, which should convince him of the contrary. Moreover, it is a healthy belief. It is what keeps us alive and striving; and the few who accomplish what they attempt to achieve would never do so, if they did not believe that they were exceptions—were, in fact, the lucky ones.

Luck, mathematical academicians will tell you, is merely a superstition. There is no such thing, they contend; but, as usual in controversies, haziness of

definition at the outset puts argument on the subject at cross purposes.

The mathematician attempts to prove that there is no such thing as luck by a hypothetical case, similar to the one I have already made use of to prove that most gamblers must lose. He calls upon you to imagine one hundred and twenty-eight persons, say, who play any game of pure chance in pairs. The losers are eliminated after each round, and the winners play with each other until there remains only a single person who has won every game he played.

It is maintained that this proves there is no such thing as luck, because, from the beginning the mathematical chances of every player can, at every stage of the contest, always be definitely figured out; and nothing can interfere with those chances.

This proof really begs the question, however, because the mathematician assumes

that luck means a sort of occult power that is able to hypnotize and hold up Fortune. Of course, nothing like that exists; but luck does not properly mean any such power. It is simply the name for an exceptional result, affecting some particular person fortunately, which seems to be directed by pure chance. Luck is a kind of propitious fate.

In the problem of the one hundred and twenty-eight players, no mathematics can indicate what particular person certainly will win all the games, although it proves that win them all some particular person certainly must. Luck alone ordains who that particular person shall be. No mathematics can demonstrate who will lose the very first game and drop from the contest immediately. Nothing can prove who those persons will be. Nothing can explain why certain individuals do win. Mathematics can prove only that a certain number must win.

Luck is beyond all explanation. The man who wins all the games is the luckiest. Nothing more can be said. The ultimate elucidation is merely the word "luck." It cannot be reckoned upon, and mathematicians, in their calculations, are obliged to ignore it; but that it rules, although with irrational domination, is certain, and as clearly proved by experience as are the laws of chance by mathematics.

Although luck can never be counted upon, the good gambler whose sense of prevision is keenly developed, holds himself always on the lookout for little signs by which he may guess whether his luck is temporarily with him or against him. When he believes the former to be the case, he plays more boldly and for larger stakes; when luck seems to be against him, he retires from the game instantly, if he can.

Beforehand, one can never know in any

venture whether he will be lucky. Only afterward is that apparent; and this is what Solon meant by saying to Croesus as a warning, when that great king was at the pinnacle of power and wealth before Cyrus had reduced him to the condition of a slave:

"Account no man happy before his death."

Because luck cannot be reckoned upon, the professional gambler depends on skill and knowledge of the law of averages, if he is honest; on these and trickery, too, if he is dishonest. No mark of his superiority over the amateur is more evident, I think, than the way in which he makes use of the law of averages.

Suppose that a pack of cards is being cut and the wager turns upon whether a black, or a red card, will show. Both the amateur gambler and the professional know that, in accordance with the

law of averages, if the pack is cut an infinite number of times a black card will show the same number of times as a red card; but the professional makes a different practical use of this knowledge from the amateur. The latter, because the chances are equal, always tends to wager that a black card will show after a red one has been cut, and vice versa. The professional gambler, on the other hand, does no such thing. He knows that, although in an infinite number of cuts each color should show an equal number of times, nevertheless, the chance of long runs of consecutive alternations of color is extremely slight. Therefore, after a red card has been cut, in all probability he will bet that a red card will be cut again. He plays for runs, not for alternations, although to the amateur the latter would seem to be the wiser system, for the very reason that ultimately each color should be cut exactly the same number of times.

The trademark of the amateur is his trying to force, as it were, by sheer stubbornness in his wagers, the cards to run as he thinks they ought to run, in order to accord with his narrow knowledge of the law of averages; whereas, the professional, in conformance with his broader and deeper experience of life, is always trying to accord, in his wagers, with how the cards actually are running.

The calculus of probabilities may seem a dead and stupid branch of mathematics to many students in college, but to the bookmaker on a race track, who must "figure the prices to be laid against" the horses in a race, it is a vital, thrilling code. To him it is as practicable and interesting as the arithmetic of making change for a customer is to a newsboy. The calculus of probabilities is merely wise use of the law of averages concerning the past, to arrive at probabilities concerning the future.

The unknown percentage is that fallibility of human judgment, when pitted against the inexorable law of averages, that cannot be calculated. It is personal —as personal, as the law of averages is impersonal. It is the disadvantage that comes of the necessity of making a choice. It is the shade against you, which cannot be reckoned, when you bet against "the House" on even so equable a contingency as the toss of a coin. You must do the choosing and all the wide field for error, therefore, lies on your side of the table. "The House" merely bets that you will err, no matter what you choose, and on its side is the inexorable law of averages which you, by your very act of choosing, are attempting to defeat.

Now, because the unknown percentage can never be overcome by him who exercises the power of choice, the professional gambler always prefers that his opponent should do the choosing. He wishes to be

in the position of "the House." However, he, too, in spite of his superior, practical knowledge of chance, is filled with the deeply human desire to exercise his power of choice. He, too, goes against "the House." But the game he selects is always that one in which, aside from the unknown percentage against him which he cannot avoid, there is the smallest possible additional percentage —that is, the percentage of the game itself, which always can be calculated. When the professional gambler tries his luck against "the House," he plays faro. The known percentage of that game against the player is liberally small. The unknown percentage against him remains the same mystery that it always is.

No man who must exercise the power of choice can devise a sure method for overcoming the unknown percentage against him, although he may win in spite of it. It is possible, of course, to

presume that a man might engage in a continuous game of coin-tossing, during which he always called "heads" throughout an entire lifetime. In such a case he should not lose, to be sure, but the best he could rationally hope to accomplish would be to come out even.

You remember, perhaps, how well the Master of Ballantrae expressed the problem of choice, during his haggard wanderings, when his companion remonstrated with him for tossing a coin to decide every question of what direction to take.

"I know of no better way," said he, "to express my scorn of human reason."

Way back near the beginning of things, in some bright, golden, Homeric age of heroic emotions and actions, gambling, we may imagine, was a high and noble pastime. There was in it something of romance and poetry then; something of fine nobility and faith, akin to those same

qualities in religion. The gambler bet his all upon the turn of a die. He cast himself upon fortune; he bowed before the will of the gods, as a religious zealot might stride forth into the wilderness, confident that Providence would take care of him according to his deserts.

But as human beings multiplied, they dwindled from the generous size of heroes. They shrunk within the noble molds left by their ancestors and no longer filled the great proportions of demigods. No longer were they willing to abide by the decrees of chance, but would cheat Fate itself.

Gambling came to be a means to an end. The amusement of it, the emotions, the fine hardihood of trusting all to fortune were no longer the chief delight of the gambler. He came to be actuated by a single, supreme purpose—to win. And so games of skill became paramount; and into these were introduced trickery,

deceit and thievery. Thus has this great pastime been besmirched and belittled. Even so miserable a game as poker is cried up by modern noodles, as if it were worth a thought—the silliest of all card games played by civilized men; a game based on the theory that sheer effrontery should be accorded the distinction of reward, but then, by its very nature, destroying the possibility of such a tenet being fulfilled, for in poker the man who enjoys the casualty of having the most money must, if the play is fair, inevitably win in the end, unless he is a fool.

The romantic encomium of gentleman-gambler has come to be a ridiculous pseudonym. Surely, the fundamental feeling of a gentleman ought to be abhorrence at the bare thought of taking advantage of any one; and back in the golden age of gambling the nobility of the gambler lay in this same sentiment. But today, the first rule of a gambler who

would be successful in the modern sense must be to take every possible advantage of everyone.

Quite in accordance with the odd laws of heredity, the noble sentiments of the golden age of gambling now and then crop out in modern gamesters. Moreover, just as genius frequently blooms among the commoner sort of people, so the most generous sentiments sometimes develop in gamblers of the small fry—in men who are on the firing line against fortune, day in and day out, at race tracks, in card rooms and over crap tables. Among such men one will far more often find traces of the high ideals of ancient gamblers, than among those who consider themselves these petty gamesters' betters, as they eye the ticker coldly and plan financial murder.

Those others are sincerely and delightfully human. They have learned a vast tolerance through wide and racy

experience of living. They are charitable wisely, because they have seen that the man among them who is down today may be up tomorrow. They are full of humor and have naturally the power of vivid and picturesque expression for which the artist always is striving. In fact, they have something of the artist in them that makes them scorn the confinement of offices and the cramping routine of business. They even use a term among themselves, "hustler," that is actually synonymous with the use of the term, "producer," among artists.

They are makers of language, too. Their quickly coined phrases and brilliant slang give to the tongue a color that fades more slowly than the brightness of Greek and Latin derivatives. I will give you an example.

A slang expression that has come into wide usage in the last few years is, "to get one's goat." Dreary etymologists

may tell you that it is founded upon an old Jewish custom of sacrificing a goat for the sins of a human being. I snap my fingers at such educated ignorance. Let me tell you what it comes from.

You know that to get one's goat means to deprive him of his poise, to make him foolishly show anger, easily aroused because of nervous irritability. To get a man's goat is to prod him into a silly rage, the very display of which makes him furious with himself.

The student of phrases who has never heard them in the making, accepts without question a derivation on the authority of some bespectacled professor of English, who is unfamiliar with race tracks and never may have heard of a stallwalker.

A stallwalker, let me explain, is a race horse that, instead of quietly sleeping at night as it should do to be in condition for the morrow's race, walks its box-stall

through sleepless hours, and goes to the post with its highly nervous organism wrecked, so far as the purpose on foot is concerned. It has worn itself out in long, restless, night vigils, and is not fit to race.

Many race horses are stallwalkers, and every owner of a racing stable has had some experience with them. The one cure is to find a companion for the stallwalker during the night; then it will sleep quietly and peacefully, like a spoiled child that must have a nurse in its bedroom.

On a dozen race tracks it has been discovered that no companion exerts so beneficial effect on a stallwalker as a goat. The most stubborn cases of stallwalking have succumbed to the influence of that animal when it has been placed in the stall with the highly nervous thoroughbred that is suffering from equine insomnia; and if the goat is taken

away, the stallwalker immediately becomes restless and falls again into its former evil habit. Its nervous equilibrium once more becomes unbalanced; and the horse is not fit to race.

Hence, it was on race tracks that the expression, "to get one's goat," leaped into spontaneous creation. That told precisely the loss of poise, the querulous, irritable condition which no other phrase in the English language so succinctly depicts. And thousands used it and still do use it, as in the case of so many other picturesque words and phrases, without the slightest inkling of how it originated.

Too little attention is paid to the study of slang in our universities. There, it seems to be forgotten that most slang, like all figurative language, is originally the vivid expression of living emotion. It comes into being smoking hot with life. Much of it, too, Time gradually sandpapers into a polished acceptability; and

some of it becomes vital idiom in reputable speech.

I recall an odd discussion I had many years ago with a gambler whom I knew well. It was in the days when the shell game was an accoutrement that the small circus carried with it into the small town. My friend, who was traveling with such a circus, was a man with an acutely fine sense for words and was extremely well read. I remember that we were walking in the cool, early morning out upon the circus "lot." Sounds of clattering dishes came to us from the "cook tent," and all about was the bustle of early preparation for the "street parade." He was criticising the style of Walter Pater.

"It's beautiful enough, I suppose," said he, "but to me it always seems too cold to be alive. It makes me think of engraving on steel. He is too careful of his words. Lord! I wish I could write! But I think in slang. I'm soaked with it; although

lately I have been trying to talk without using it, and I believe that at last I have entirely conquered the habit."

His glance wandered away across the lot dreamily; and then, suddenly, his eyes glistened with interest and affection. I knew that it was love of animals, more than anything else, that kept him in the train of the circus and I was not surprised, when my eyes followed his, to see a great bull elephant, chained by one foot to a stake in the open, idly swinging its trunk, while before it on a handful of hay lay a beautiful, collie dog, companionable and watchful.

While we were looking, the dog got up and stretched himself. Instantly the elephant reached out its fingering trunk, seized the whisp of hay upon which the dog had been lying, and whisked it up into its parrot mouth. The collie stopped dead in the midst of his yawn, and gazed at his big friend astounded. The

elephant's little eyes were fairly twinkling with humor; and the collie actually burst into a dog's laugh.

My friend nudged me excitedly, and said in a hoarse whisper:

"Pipe! The bull has scoffed the pouch's flop."

Because their vocation makes them intensely interested observers, professional gamblers are entertaining companions. They discover at first hand such curious little things as great artists in literature spend their lives trying to make sure of, with that eagerness which Kipling in particular displays so proudly.

"'One minute, Charlie,'" runs an example of this. "'When the sea topped the bulwarks, what did it look like?' I had my reasons for asking. A man of my acquaintance had gone down once with a leaking ship in a still sea, and had seen the water-level pause for an instant ere it fell on the deck.

"'It looked just like a banjo-string drawn tight, and it seemed to stay there for years,' said Charlie.

"Exactly! The other man had said: 'It looked like a silver wire laid down along the bulwarks, and I thought it was never going to break.' He had paid everything except the bare life for this little valueless piece of knowledge, and I had traveled ten thousand weary miles to meet him and take his knowledge at second hand."

With many men who know things, the overwhelming sadness of life is their inability to use their knowledge so as to help themselves. Professional gamblers, like the amateurs, generally lose. Well they know the enormous odds against them, but they keep on hoping to win until they die. When they die, the hat is passed round without shame to gather up the cost of burying them.

THE REVOLUTION

The Revolution

YOU may not be aware that in many parts of this country a great revolution is talked about as openly, discussed as enthusiastically and with as much certainty of its coming as next Christmas. True, leaders of bolshevist, communist, anarchist and socialist groups do not all mean the same thing by "revolution," but they all do mean an epochal change of some kind. The methods by which it is to be accomplished range all the way from fighting in the streets at barricades, up through destruction of capital by confiscation, with attendant overthrow of law and order, to pacific distortions of government by the instrumentality of radical legislation.

In big cosmopolitan cities like New York and Chicago, revolutionary centers are boiling with activity. The printing of pamphlets, periodicals, newspapers—literally hundreds of them in various languages—goes on with fanatical zeal. Gifts and subscriptions foot up the expense, an outburst of generosity that demonstrates the sincerity of the mass interested, no matter how selfish may be the purposes of the leaders.

Oddly, too, men and women of wealth regularly give aid to this heterogeneous movement towards new and, presumably, better things. You would hardly suppose that persons who make large profits out of the sale of luxuries, would support a revolutionary purpose which would be likely, if successful, to destroy their occupation. Nevertheless, I know of a family in New York that owns a business engaged in the manufacture of platinum jewelry, which it supplies to the jewelry

trade, and members of that family turn over everything their business earns for them, beyond a fixed amount, to "The Cause."

This ought not to stagger belief, either, for was not the wife of a millionaire tried in the State of Michigan for the expression of revolutionary principles, and was not a millionaire convicted in Illinois of a similar offense, and then pardoned?

You may pooh-pooh warnings about a revolution, because you have become accustomed to the ranting of demagogues who are continually trying to whip certain classes into fury by powerful recitals of wrongs supposed to have been done by capital to those classes, which, like farmers and union labor, you have observed with cynical skepticism, invariably represent organized voting strength. Your ears have rung with the woes of the poor farmer, who works so hard and gets so little for his effort. You have laughed

heartily, perhaps, at the crocodile tears of political sympathy poured out for the union man, ground down by the power of gold.

When "The Revolution" does come, however, it will not be those classes that furnish the force to bring on the changes that may take place. That will be generated by the great middle class which at present is wholly unorganized, and goes about its daily business paying slight attention to revolutionary propaganda, although it is ground down by capital, suffers hardship every time a union wage scale is raised and must, perhaps, eat less whenever the price of farm products is forced higher.

This middle class is made up of nearly all those non-union workers in cities who earn from twelve hundred to five thousand dollars a year. Most of them live beyond their means. Seldom during their entire lives do they get a month ahead

of want. The average man of this class who gets out of work today, is on the verge of starvation, figuratively, within two weeks. Within thirty days, unless he finds a new position, or reinstates himself in his business or profession, his self-respect begins to crumble away, and a good, conscientious, efficient bookkeeper, clerk, salesman, lawyer, small business man, physician or teacher may fall in so short a time to be a hopeless incompetent. So long as the members of this class are able to keep going at all, however, they are optimists. Always just out of reach in front of them, cheering them up, flits along like an ignis fatuus, the promise of getting on in the world. Life for the majority of them is a panting, sweating race with poverty, from the day when first they go to work until they die. Few indeed bring to the brink of the grave enough wealth to exchange for the hole in the ground in which

to hide away their worn out bodies.

Nevertheless, this class is the backbone of government. It is made up of law-abiding respecters of federal, state and municipal authority. Should it ever become organized it could effect great changes, and it easily might become organized, almost unconsciously, if every member of it were subjected at once to the same overpowering emotion. Hard times produces such an overpowering emotion. That is what has already produced it in England, and in other foreign countries. Financial obligation, debt, is the great tyrant of men and nations, and ultimately it crushes them both.

More than one hundred years ago Adam Smith wrote:

"The progress of the enormous debts which at present oppress, and will in the long run probably ruin, all the great nations of Europe, has been pretty uniform."

National debts were piling up slowly when that was written, and no one worried about them, in spite of the warning from the Father of Economics. When the whole world plunged into war, however, those debts suddenly began to increase with unprecedented speed. The crisis which Adam Smith had predicted came on with a rush. It came so fast that the mass mind at first failed to understand what was taking place. Even today obstinate persons persist in shouting that our foreign debtors should be made to pay this country every dollar that they owe—as if they could. Windy utterances, insisting on this brave doctrine, are reiterated up and down the land as if they were expressions of noble patriotism, instead of being only noisy ignorance.

Payment of the foreign debts owed to this country is absolutely impossible. To talk about it as if it could done is silly refusal to face an unpleasant truth. All

that one need do to recognize the impossibility of payment is to contemplate how enormous the debts are, in comparison with the resources of the debtor nations, which have already piled taxes upon their peoples until the latter will bear no added straw to the burden.

On January 1, 1923, hardly a nation in the Eastern Hemisphere was not already ruined conspicuously. The principal debts owed on that date to this country alone made a total of $10,141,267,572. The annual interest on this tremendous sum was $507,000,000, but from the beginning of the war-loans in 1917 to January 1, 1923, only $451,000,000 in interest had been paid upon them. To this may be added an interest payment made by Great Britain in March, 1923, but it was so small compared to the debt of over $4,000,000,000 owed by that nation, that the wretched sophistries of financiers who maintain that the whole

debt can be paid were emphasized ludicrously.

When national debts are increased, the theory used today to bolster up faith in their ultimate payment is the same that has been employed from time immemorial: that increasing population will steadily reduce the per capita taxation on future generations that must pay the debts. It is a theory that has been overworked, until it has broken down from a mathematical probability into a practical impossibility. War ran up the borrowings of every country that owes us money with such overwhelming speed, to such incredible sums, that the whole conception of devising means of ultimate repayment has become the sorriest of jokes.

In international finance there is nothing abstruse, although politicians and ministers would make it so. By mere increase in size debts do become awe-inspiring, to be sure, but they do not

change their inherent nature as items in accounting, and a debit of one billion dollars can be handled in international bookkeeping in no different manner from a debit of a single dollar; and that manner is quite as easy to understand in the former case as in the latter.

No business man who familiarizes himself with the financial condition of England and France, and regards them for the moment as huge business concerns, would maintain that either of them can ever pay what it owes. He would say to them, just as he would say to one of his own customers in a similar position, "Go through bankruptcy. Then we will allow you restricted credit to start over again, hoping to get back at least part of our loss out of future business with you."

Unfortunately there is no international bankruptcy law. Nations must plod along in the deepening mire of debt until the overtaxed peoples overthrow their

governments and repudiate national indebtedness, unless a wonderful development of international wisdom destroys the greed that is sucking the vitality out of civilization, under the guise of debit and credit.

Credit, whether national or individual, is based upon the assumption of repayment; and the amount of credit allowed in any case, whether national or individual, increases as the assumption of repayment approaches certainty. With regard to governments, this assumption had become certainty in the popular mind. Our favorite similes were, "as strong as the Bank of England," "as good as government bonds."

Leaning on this idealized certainty of repayment which their credit implied, foreign governments pressed their borrowings to a point where the idea of repayment can now no longer be carried in the rational mind, even as a possibility.

Credit, thus upset at the summit of its development, has been shaken to its lowest and simplest forms, arousing uncertainty and timidity, and smothering belief in time honored shibboleths. On a sudden we have become fearful doubters who tremble, but want to know the truth.

Credit is to actual ability to pay the debts contracted, what reputation is to character. It is merely a belief which may be founded, and often is, on nothing more than arrogantly maintained falsehood. The desirability of credit has become paramount to everything else; and we have rapidly come into an age in which the chief aim is to build up credit by any means whatever. No longer is it honesty that is considered the best policy, but the acquiring—no matter how dishonestly—of a worth-while reputation. That is what gains material success, and consequently, the world has gone mad

with advertising and with disseminating propaganda. We live among the hollow shells of inflated reputations, blown up to prodigious size with the wind of hired talk. Both in business and in private life, many of the best reputations nowadays are only expensive shams. Daily we see them shattered, and the utter absence of the character they boasted exposed in newspaper stories of financial crookedness and shocking sexual degradation.

Can it be any wonder that those who still retain respect for truth, and who hate hypocrisy, are disgusted at the conditions existing in all strata of society, as disclosed by the filth muck-rakes scrape up and deposit on the front pages of newspapers? Is it surprising that persons who are embittered, envious and implacable see in the degeneration of character, where such backsliding should be least expected, an opportunity to arouse the

mob to bring about a new order of things?

"While our ancient beliefs are tottering and disappearing," said Gustave Le Bon a quarter of a century ago, "while the old pillars of society are giving way one by one, the power of the crowd is the only force that nothing menaces, and of which the prestige is continually on the increase. The age we are about to enter will in truth be the ERA OF CROWDS.

"Today the claims of the masses are becoming more and more sharply defined and amount to nothing less than a determination utterly to destroy society as it now exists, with a view to making it hark back to that primitive communism which was the normal condition of all human groups before the dawn of civilization. Limitations of the hours of labor, the nationalization of mines, railways, factories, and the soil, the equal distribution of all products, the elimination of all

upper classes, for the benefit of the popular classes, such are these claims.

"Universal symptoms, visible in all nations, show us the rapid growth of the power of crowds, and do not admit of our supposing that it is destined to cease growing at an early date. Whatever fate may reserve for us, we shall have to submit to it. All reasoning against it is a mere vain war of words. Certainly it is possible that the advent to power of the masses marks one of the last stages of Western civilization, a complete return to those periods of confused anarchy which seems always destined to precede the birth of every new society. But may this result be prevented?

"Is the same fate in store for our civilization? There is ground to fear that this is the case, but we are not yet in a position to be certain of it."

When Le Bon was writing that, the causes of general social disturbance were

already fomenting abroad. Today they are as plain in this country to every man who will use his eyes, as they were to Le Bon in Europe then.

The threat of revolution, echoing throughout the world, reflects the miserable economic situation, primarily caused by the oppression of debt brought upon peoples by extravagant expenses incurred in war. Debt has at last contrived the most difficult problem that the world has ever faced—the most difficult, because today we live in a more compact world, a more complex, more civilized, a more interdependent world than any world of which we know anything in the past. This vast intricacy has become a tangled snarl. It is a Gordian knot which, if cut, would bring down the whole of civilization thundering about our ears; and to cut it is precisely what extreme revolutionaries want to do. By a single stroke they would destroy the customs, rights

and obligations that hold modern society together.

Less radical leaders urge less drastic means, but all of them seem to agree on one point: "The Revolution," whatever form it may take, will be upon us at the latest by 1927.

ECONOMICS

Economics

ONLY after a good many years of studying books on economics, and comparing what those books said with my own living experience in subjects which they purported to treat authoritatively, did I dare to denounce, even to myself, the utter incompetence of many of those who are accepted as teachers of modern political economy. Then I set myself the labor of writing a book on economics—a book that should begin at the beginning, where all education in every subject ought to begin, and should define the terms it used so that they could be easily understood by any one of ordinary intelligence. That book is well under way, and eventually will be completed.

In the meantime, perhaps I should remain silent; but I cannot do that under the circumstances. When the gentleman who is professor of political economy at Yale University prescribes as a cure for economic ills what he calls a "commodity dollar," which displays a misunderstanding of finance and of every day business that is appalling in one who presumes to teach, I cannot remain quiet. When in a text book for college students by the professor of political economy at Harvard University, I read the following two sentences on consecutive pages: "Let it always be remembered that capital is goods, not a quantity of money." "The only exception to this rule would be the money-lender, whose capital consists solely of money."—I must speak.

What is meant by "money-lender?" In a world crushed during the last few years beneath billions and billions of dollars of debts, as a result of actual loans of money

and arrangements for credit, does this economist mean that everyone who had a hand in those transactions, comprising the most enormous business that ever was done within so short a period, is included in the term? It would seem not, by the pitiful way in which the "money-lender" is made almost a negligible exception to his rule, as if the exception comprehended only the petty operations of a pawnbroker.

Is it to be wondered at that such hazy definitions, sent forth from seats of learning, arouse furious impatience with cap and gown, with strings of impressive letters tagged on after names, with pompous avoidance of discussion by assumption of a dignity that is false and may but veneer inability to explain lucidly?

No showy device of learning is a proof of it; and he who is engaged in teaching and must, supposedly, be inspired by lofty devotion to the mistress he believes

is truth, yet will not defend her when challenged, is a poor knight to flaunt so noble a favour on his helm.

Economics has been called the "neglected" science. "Ill-used" would describe it better. Under academic mishandling during much of the short period of its existence as a recognized science—less than one hundred and fifty years—it has been devitalized. Treated ponderously and pedantically, it has dried up into a distorted mummy bound round with dusty tapes of theory that have all but smothered its humanness.

Tear off those rotten wrappings, however, and behold! It is no dead thing that we have before us, but restless, ever-changing, palpitating life. We see mankind itself, exhibiting its full tide of strength and weakness, with all its selfishness and emotions, in a furious contest for the good things of the world, practicing trickery, fomenting deceit, talking

benevolence, exacting fortitude, displaying forbearance and struggling hard to learn a little charity and gentleness.

Economics is the business of living. It is dominating, ubiquitous. We try to forget it in sleep, but it gives us nightmares or ambitious dreams; we try to run away from it on vacations, but it overtakes us by telegraph or radio. Dealing with the living ingredients of human affairs, it is aquiver with the imminence of foreseen and unforeseen events that quicken the heart with apprehension or expectation of what a day may bring forth.

Man's face is always turned toward the future. From the history of his yesterday and of his today, he is always striving to forecast his tomorrow; and on the accuracy of his prevision largely depends his happiness.

As Arthur Twining Hadley has said:

"The success or failure of a man engaged in manufacture, in transportation,

or in agriculture depends more upon his skill as a prophet than upon his industry as a producer."

The use of correct principles in making necessary observations and in arriving at sound conclusions is the technique of skill at prophecy. To acquire mastery of this technique is the whole practical purpose of studying the Science of Economics.

When Robert Cavalier de La Salle wrote in 1682 to a friend in France, from a spot in the wilderness said to have been the site of the City of Chicago, it was application of correct economic principles to a geographical location, that rendered the prophecy he then made a marvelously true one:

"The boundless regions of the West," he wrote, "must send their products to the East through this point. This will be the gate of Empire, this the seat of Commerce."

Economics is not a collection of dull formulas and dry statistics. These are merely its signs and codes—some of its monotonous bookkeeping which, moreover, too frequently has not been audited, and brings down to us gross errors swollen from incorrect entries made years ago and carried forward, over and over again, with the painstaking incapacity that notes in precedent only authority, but never the mistakes.

Economics is the great, dramatic, continuous story of progress as told in the daily toil of mankind. It is a self-correcting record, self-explanatory of a distinct kind of human action, that can be used as data for prophecy in a manner similar to the use made of mortality tables by a life-insurance actuary.

Economics is intimate autobiography of the human race—our autobiography, which continuing chapters progressively elaborate; and even though we may be

unconscious of many phases in our economic development, nevertheless, when a writer pretends to explain them to us, with their causes and effects, we instantly perceive, if our minds are not enslaved by a domination that lurks in the prestige of university degrees, whether he tells us the truth, or only a pretty lie. As unerringly as we recognize truth in masterly fiction, should we be able to distinguish in economic writings vital truths from the sham presentments of truth which so often have been laid before us by those who look at the world through spectacles fogged with the mist of inexperience, and who base their conclusions concerning what is, and what will be, on how man OUGHT to act, instead of on how he DOES act. Such schoolmen, for all their admirable academic learning, have usually written Ethics when they thought they were writing Economics.

The close relativity of all knowledge

frequently prevents making sharply exclusive a definition of some particular portion of it. Into the selected portion, other portions merge insidiously. Of economics, especially, is this true. A general, working definition, however, is offered as follows:

Economics is an organic science which treats of man in relation to his material wants, of his activities in seeking to satisfy them, and of the attendant conditions of his environment, his numbers and his social relations, considered as causes and effects of those activities and of one another.

Man is the most versatile of all animals. In multifarious fields he pursues interests and performs activities which in no way are analogous to anything in the life of other animals; but in the field of economics, this is not the case. Here the activities of man, in a widely general aspect, regularly exhibit resemblance to

the activities of lower animals, and in the psychology of economics also, man presents patent marks of the brute; for economics includes his hunt for food and shelter, whether carried on in primal savagery, or in twentieth century civilization. In a phrase, economics deals first and foremost with man's struggle for existence.

Always it should be remembered that in economics, science and art are continually meeting on common ground; and that by studying the Science of Economics, man may learn the principles of correct technique for a better practice of the art of sane and successful living.

Fundamentally the universe is a bundle of laws, thousands upon thousands of which remain unknown mysteries only because of our too dull observation and too feeble comprehension. Amid this vast complexity nothing stands unrelated. Discovery of the relations is Science;

knowledge of them is Education; use of them is Art.

The pettiest incident may advertise the most profound ordination. In Archimedes' bath the buoyancy of water hinted to him the law of floating bodies. The fall of an apple told Newton why the planets swing true in their orbits.

Natural laws make up the intelligibility of nature; they explain nature in so far as it can be understood by the intelligence of man. Nature is not intelligent, but only intelligible. Nature has no consciousness, and therefore cannot in itself possess any purpose; but because of the marvelous method always evident in its intelligibility, we wisely believe that it is carrying out some mighty purpose commensurate with the wonders it produces and performs.

This purpose, we conceive, is the will of Omnipotence which animates with its supreme ordinance the whole universe.

New worlds are born, flash through space for a billion years, and disappear; myriad insects swarm into life and die away in a single hour. Tirelessly, continuously, nature works on because it must work on. Omnipotence has so ordained; but nature is no more conscious of carrying out a purpose than is some mere mechanism made by man—a gigantic tower-clock, for example, that daily tells the time to a million citizens.

What may be the august purpose of the universe remains inscrutable. Speculation concerning it is a subject for philosophies. Faith in a belief of what it is founds and upholds religions.

In scientific research man becomes, with regard to the universe, a wee speck of curious intelligence—an infinitesimal retina upon which creation comes into focus as an infinitely rational scheme that his intellect labors to analyze. He sees that nature is impersonal; that is, that it

is the same towards everyone and everything. He comprehends that in this vast impersonality a man is of no more moment than a maggot; a nation, than a hill of ants. He perceives that nature is without emotion, without conscience, without understanding; that ocean waves which beat out the lives of shipwrecked sailors are not cruel; that whirling sandstorms which smother little Arab children in a scorching desert are not murderous.

It is this cold impersonality of nature —this perfect impartiality in the operation of its laws—that man assumes and tries hard to maintain with scrupulous persistence in his scientific investigation. When he turns his attention to what is called the Science of Economics, he strains to hold himself rigidly to the realization that at all times, directly or indirectly, man is subject to every law of nature. From this government man cannot escape, although continually he

attempts to free himself. Many natural laws he can and does break easily, sometimes with what seems to be a humane wisdom; often ignorantly, or even wantonly; but the laws are inexorable, universal and continuous just the same, and always exact to the full any penalty that an infraction may impose.

Throughout the universe, however, natural laws are themselves constantly in conflict. Economics offers no exception to this estate; and here the resultant of conflicting forces in any given case is arrived at theoretically in quite the same way that it is in physics. Every schoolboy is familiar with what is called the parallelogram of forces in that science. But in economics, the most important forces can be measured neither easily nor accurately.

It is highly important that the reader form for himself a clear conception of the universality and the continuousness

of natural laws. To be certain that he does this, let him consider for a moment the law of evolution as expressed by Herbert Spencer in thundering terms. He need consider now only that part of it which proclaims the change from "incoherent homogeneity" into "coherent heterogeneity."

These phrases, written, perhaps, in what has been called "the jargon of science," may be roughly translated into simplicity as follows: "incoherent homogeneity" means indefinite sameness; "coherent heterogeneity" means definite differentness; and the overpowering phrases in Spencer's law mean the change from indefinite sameness into definite differentness.

Clearly to picture in his own mind the working of this law so that the image may endure, let the reader first imagine, in otherwise unoccupied space, an immense, super-heated, whirling mass of

incoherent, homogeneous, gaseous matter, billions of miles in diameter, throwing off different sized portions of itself as it rotates with inestimable speed. These portions let him visualize as so many coherent, heterogeneous suns, hurtling round the original mass that threw them off. Consider each of these, again, as an incoherent, homogeneous mass that throws off portions of itself, which cool and solidify into coherent, heterogeneous worlds, each revolving through space within its own system which is still part of a whole, vast scheme.

Recall, now, how on a single one of these worlds plant and animal life has developed, and continues to develop, from low forms of indefinite sameness into coherent, heterogeneous genera, and these, again, into species. Remember how mankind has developed, and continues to develop, from the incoherent homogeneity of savagery into the definite

differentness of civilized society. Think how the law directs development in governments, in great corporations, in a department store, and even in the smallest individual business.

With the law of evolution there is a counter law always in conflict. This may be called the law of equilization. It denotes the working of nature that strives to level again the mountains that have been raised up, that superintends dissolution, that makes climates more equable by means of gulf streams and polar currents, and tends everywhere, all the time, to reduce coherent heterogeneity to incoherent homogeneity once more.

Like a brake on the action of each of these laws, is inertia. This is the tendency of all things to remain as they are. We see its effects in economics and in individual man under various names such as, "staunch conservatism" in an old banking institution, "standpatism" in a

political party, "sheer laziness" in a common tramp.

In spite of inertia, change, motion, rhythm, periodicity are everywhere continuous, but especially are they noticeable in life. In human life they are conspicuous in all of man's activities. They reach high intensity where economic life is keenest, in bitter political battles, in powerful labor movements, in speculative markets.

Throughout the universe, interwoven with the law of evolution, runs the law of reduplication. "History repeats itself," we say, but although this saying alludes to the law, it does not indicate how the law discloses itself. As it is set down in anthropology, it announces its meaning in fearsome words as follows: "The ontogeny of man is a résumé of his philogeny"; but the truth it thus obscures is one of the most beautiful in nature.

"The ontogeny of man" means the life

history of man. "His philogeny" means the race history of mankind; and the law means that in the development of each individual man there is a reduplication, in résumé, of the development of mankind. From the biological point of view, for example, the human fetus in its growth, from the instant of conception to the instant of birth, passes through a résumé of all the stages of physical development through which has passed the whole human race. At an early point in its development it is quite indistinguishable from the embryos of many other animals; at a later stage, although the difference between it and the embryos of many other animals can be discerned, it still cannot be distinguished from the fetus of any of the four highest apes.

In the mental life of man, too, the individual passes through a résumé of the phases of mental development in mankind. The babe, with little more than

animal instincts; the child, afraid of the dark; the boy, playing Indian or pirate: all illustrate the law of reduplication. In the growth of business enterprises, large corporations, cities and governments, various stages demonstrate obedience to this law.

Change is an absolute rule of life, and as the chain of changes passed through in the growth of a race, or of society, becomes with age longer and longer, it is probable that in the growth of each new entity of the race, or of society, the passage through the earlier stages of the résumé of the reduplication becomes more rapid. Perhaps early changes become less and less conspicuous also, until finally they fade into indistinguishability; but nevertheless, the law is still in force.

So far, it has been my intention to emphasize the impersonal point of view regarded so essential for scientific investigation. That this point of view is

necessary in the exact sciences, there can be no question, for these are as impersonal as nature itself. Economics, however, is not an exact science.

Who can certainly weigh the force that temporarily overcomes the uplift of progress, and depresses business? Who can precisely measure the power of ambition and hard work, when pitted against political intrigue and the inertia of indifference? Man can only estimate these forces, and in his own mind ponder the probability of various resultants from them. Mainly, he must depend upon his own experience to furnish the standards for his estimations and conclusions. To sharpen his discernment for recognizing natural laws and human forces, which at different times are most likely to produce far-reaching results in his own affairs and in society, and to raise the average of correctness in his estimates of those results—to learn, in a phrase, how better

to solve for himself and for society the problems of living—should be the unflagging resolution of the investigator in this field.

Your true economist is no mere scientist in the strictest application of that term; he is something more than that; something that closely approaches to being an artist. He must do more than merely catalogue unconnected bits of economic life and point out the relations of one to another; he must fit them properly together into a whole that makes clear to everyone their composite meaning, perhaps a new and unexpected one; just as he may sometimes put together trite words so as to construct a particularly fresh and lucid sentence. In dealing with his subject, he is dealing with the most inexact of all orders of systematized knowledge, and the best caliper that he can use for making many of his measurements is his own understanding

of human nature; for economics is personal—as personal as man himself, and can become an exact science only when man becomes impersonally infallible.

If it is a science at all, it must be called an organic one; one that is constantly growing from within itself, and in which every part is at all times acting and reacting on the whole and on every other part; in which the standards are endlessly changing because the chief standard of all, man himself, is constantly changing. Man is the very creature of vicissitude. His wants grow and wane in intensity, but always they multiply; and he is repeatedly making new discoveries and devising new methods and new machinery for accomplishing his economic purposes. Economics deals with a highly developed part of man's life, and to attempt painstakingly to reduce it to a rigid system of exact definitions, rules and formulas may be likened to a

photographer's effort to make a time exposure of a squirming, squalling baby.

The true economist, then, must allow himself a freedom of method, and a range of latitude, not to be thought of in exact sciences. Nor is there any danger that economics will suffer in consequence. The contrary is true, for poor work will betray the incompetent economist. The truth and merit of good work will be self-evident, as in art, and should not depend for authority upon mere accuracy in copying, as does a financial statement, nor upon degree-made, academic reputation. Now, economics must be studied with the cold impersonality of nature; again, from the warm, living point of view of man himself, who contemplates all things with his own welfare perennially in view.

Failure clearly to perceive this simple truth accounts for many lifeless and worthless books on economics, and for

much of the needless confusion that exists in popular misunderstanding of the subject today. Some economists, holding to the impersonal point of view by sheer self-domination, like a law student trying to read Blackstone while a circus parade is passing, have carefully expunged from their work every bit of life they could wipe out of it. Others, although bound by the same intention to cling to the scientific point of view, have shifted back and forth from it, unaware of their wavering, and have but confused what they sought to elucidate.

Assiduously to maintain the impersonal point of view in studying the effects on society of natural laws, may be wise. This point of view often may be better, also, for investigating historical political economy that deals with large groups in the past; but to hold to it exclusively is Folly on the woolsack.

Especially is this insistance absurd in

dealing with modern society and conditions. Here it is the personal aim that will strike to the heart of a situation, if the investigator knows something of life as it is. He may have difficulty in seeing vividly the natural inhumanness in how one primitive savage could slay another for a few raw fish, but he should recognize both economic development and human nature in the story of Jacob and Esau; and when he reads in his newspaper every morning of one highly civilized human being murdering another for a handful of dollars, he should know that here is matter for his patient examination, not only as an impersonal scientist, but as a man.

He should know also, if he observes and thinks, that there are large groups in modern society, hungering as madly for wealth as any primitive savage ever craved raw fish, or Esau a mess of pottage. This hunger has intensified, and the

groups have grown larger, until in the modern economic situation unprecedented greed has become the mightiest force to reckon with; and he must realize that, no matter how unfit for scientific investigation such an irresponsible appetite may seem to be, and how unreasonable, when measured by comfortable standards set up in the lavish shelter of rich endowments, it is there just the same; and it is at work corrupting men, business and government with a persistence that suggests nature itself.

For an economist, therefore, to hold his own, personal, human point of view most of the time not only is proper, but essential. Only thus can he gain real understanding. To diagnose, or to forecast, the effect on society of some economic cause, he may justly ask himself, as one of the tests, "How would it affect me?" If economics, because of a pedantic pose forced upon it, sneers superciliously at

the question as too petty for its consideration, then economics is no more than a worthless, intellectual pastime.

From the personal point of view, however, economics will never appear so coolly arrogant. It will answer such self-asked questions. It will teach the inquirer that the truth about many vital causes and effects in economic activities he can best learn, and most easily prove, by a searching analysis of his own experience.

To sum up, there are in economics two points of view, always to be kept distinct, and thoroughly to be understood. Never must one of these be mistaken for the other, for economics is largely a matter of thinking correctly and courageously for one's own self, and to be guilty of self-deception, whether consciously or unconsciously, is to go wrong at the outset. In examining any economic activity, the economist should first consider how it

harmonizes with natural laws, and how it opposes them. This is the impersonal question. Then comes the personal one: how would it affect him, if he were of the persons, the groups, or the nations concerned?

This is the vital question, and in so far as it does actually receive more or less serious consideration from the persons, the groups, or the nations concerned, the answers to it which the economist deduces will indicate to him human forces, more or less powerful, that will exert themselves in shaping impending events, whether those involve the comity of nations, a new tariff bill, or the location for a moving-picture theater.

WHAT WE NEED

What We Need

ALL of us know that it is possible for a man or a woman to be happy, in spite of poverty, ill-fortune or injustice. We have seen such persons, and have felt their power for good. We may laugh in ridicule at some cheerful ass, working hard and patiently for little enough, and genially whistling his way through the grinding routine of dull days, but we feel the better for the influence of his contentment.

Are such care-free souls becoming rarer?

Thirteen thousand, five hundred and thirty persons committed suicide in this country in 1922, the number of juvenile suicides—boys averaging sixteen years of

age and girls averaging fifteen—running up to nine hundred, almost twice what it was in 1919. What harrowing puzzles in the lives of these children could have so confused their understanding?

Suicide, you may say, is not a pleasant subject. No more is the Crucifixion, and yet, for all that, it ought not to be too hastily pushed into forgetfulness. That thousands die annually by their own hand, knowing not what they do, is appalling as a record of hopelessness.

Without doubt you remember that delicious fantasy, "The Suicide Club." Well, then, recall that when the magnificent, the imperturbable Prince Florizel of Bohemia was initiated into the club, he found among its hectic members one whose explanation for desiring no longer to support life was particularly odd in its triviality.

This person professed "that he never would have joined the club, if he had not

been induced to believe in Mr. Darwin.

"'I could not bear,' said this remarkable suicide, 'to be descended from an ape.'"

Unhealthy humiliation, brought on by succumbing to the seductive truths of anthropology, seemed to have wrought in his case an unusually extravagant result; but it is not to be derided as being beyond the possibility of fact, because it is set forth in delightful fiction. Do you not recall that a long and bitter battle was waged against Darwinism in the very fear, perhaps, of a deplorable dénouement, if we became convinced that we could look no higher than to animals for the genesis of what we call our souls? And do you not know that in Germany one of the leading scientists maintained with a vigor and obstinacy, surprising in a savant, that Darwin's contention concerning human origin MUST not be accepted as the truth.

"The opposition," says Haekel, "found its strongest expression in an address of Virchow delivered at Munich four days afterwards, on 'The Freedom of Science in the Modern State.' He spoke of the theory of evolution as an unproved hypothesis, and declared it ought not to be taught in the schools, because it was dangerous to the state. 'We must not,' he said, 'teach that man has descended from the ape or any other animal.' When Darwin, usually so lenient in his judgment, read the English translation of Virchow's speech, he expressed his disapproval in strong terms. But the great authority that Virchow had—an authority well founded in pathology and sociology—and his prestige as President of the German Anthropological Society, had the effect of preventing any member of the Society from raising serious opposition to him for thirty years. Numbers of journals and treatises repeated his

dogmatic statement: 'It is quite certain that man has descended neither from the ape nor from any other animal.' In this he persisted till his death in 1902. Since that time the whole position of German anthropology has changed."

How immanently German was Virchow's obduracy; and what a perfect example of the lying kultur that strove to lift arrogant, standardized machinations of man above the laws of God, and wrecked the world in consequence!

In this country today we observe William Jennings Bryan, pursuing a similarly obstinate course with the same pig-headed dogmatism, as if the world could ever be bettered by arbitrarily denying a truth, because that truth may frighten immature intelligence.

Certainly the raw, unassociated fact that we have struggled out of the filth of monkeydom into manhood is at first a bit shocking. When only a few of

our most highly educated persons—the stronger minds—knew this mortifying scandal about our ancestry, it was not so bad. We could still hold our heads high, and try to act up to the ideal demanded by the divinity within us. We were like those newly rich persons who, having battled their way into "society," follow the fashions gracefully and are as rude as the best, so long as the true tale of their old homestead remains under cover. But how are they going to hold their noses up at the proper angle, if it comes to be bruited about that their papas were bound by the homely conservatism of dining in shirt-sleeves, and nipping the succulent mashed potato from the keen knife-blade? Can it be done? No. The noses will sag.

Once the secret is out, the props are wrenched from beneath noblesse oblige. One cannot expect so much from the descendant of a gorilla, as from the

posterity of kings. Nor can one who knows to the full the evil story of the human family expect from himself quite so much as he did while he remained in blissful ignorance. Natural vulgarity will no longer cramp itself in uncongenial modes. The pose becomes wabbly and irksome to the poseur. License displaces conventionality.

This is what anthropologists call reversion to type. It is the slippage in the wheels of human progress. Man fails to grip tight enough what he has gained of manhood. After putting Satan behind him, he turns round to shake hands with the devil and call him a good fellow.

It is not difficult for any monkey to be an excellent monkey, and an honor to all monkeydom. A monkey cannot be otherwise. Nature takes care of that.

For a man to be a good man, however, and an honor to manhood, is a mighty labor that depends upon himself alone.

Nature gives him no help after it tosses him into life. He is on his own. He can do as he pleases. That is his birthright. He has a soul that is his exclusive property, and by means of it he must fashion himself. Nature would but hold him fast in the homogeneous slough of matter; he must extricate himself.

All about us today we may discern the rank growth of disbelief in a future life, and a drift towards atheism. What doleful stuff! And what folly, even in the most worldly sense. Before the Christian era, the same questions were debated hotly. With what wit did gentlemanly Cicero, writing on the "Immortality of the Soul," say to his opponent, in effect, "Even if you prove to be correct in maintaining that death is the end, still you will never be able to chide me for my error in believing that there is a future life; whereas, if I am right, I shall laugh at you throughout eternity."

The pagan impiety of Ajax, defying the lightning, becomes heroic only because he was struck down in the midst of his blasphemy by a bolt from on high. What a petty, sordid scene those poor fools of Russian bolsheviks presented in marching through the streets of Moscow, trying to lift their puerile noise up to heaven by shouting, "Down with God!"

Think of the sullen, silly sadness of such a performance that becomes forgivable on account of the stupid ignorance it expresses.

Raging at heaven to justify ourselves in our own misdeeds will right no wrongs, nor bring down wealth or peace. Contentment can be found only in work —honest work, which means doing with pride, in the best way that we can do it, what we are able to do, no matter how inconsequential that work may seem to others.

Churches try to lure us into their

portals with perhaps too sugary creeds, that seem almost to make of belief in the Almighty the right to a kind of pension of material assistance. If we do not get what we pray for, we are ready to deny that there is a God, in childish retaliation.

We must strive to perceive that to ourselves alone is the responsibility of doing our part in the Great Scheme entrusted implicitly. The world as a whole, we do not have to worry about; that will become better as each one of us tries harder, in his individualism, to portray what he well knows life ought to be, and to put into his own living all the usefulness, unselfishness, nobility and kindness that he can develop in himself.

A finer faith, embracing unaffected hope and simple courage, is what we need. The spirit to achieve it does not have to seek for authority in dogmas. No man-made words ought to be

necessary to sanction faith, to build up hope of a future life, and inspire us with courage in the belief that a Creator rules the universe, when we can see for ourselves the sun set in flaming glory, watch the calm moon rise and look up at the infinite stars.

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